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THE MUSIC OF CHILDHOOD.

BY ARAN INGELOW.

When I hear the waters fretting,
When I see the chestnut letting
All her lovely blossom falter down, I think,
"Alas the day!"
Once, with magical sweet singing,
Blackbirds set the woodland ringing
That awakes no more while April hours wear themselves away.

In our hearts fair hope lay smiling
Sweet as air, and all beguiling;
And there hung a mist of bluebells on the slope and down the dell;
And we talked of joy and splendor
That the years unborn would render;
And the blackbirds helped us with the story, for they knew it well—

Piping, fluting, "Bees are humming;
April's here, and Summer's coming,
Don't forget us when you walk, a man with men, in pride and joy:
Think on us in alleys shady
When you step a graceful lady;
For no fairer days have we to hope for, little girl and boy.

"Laugh and play, O lisping waters!
Lull our downy sons and daughters;
Come, O wind, and rock their leafy cradle in thy wanderings coy;
When they wake we'll end the measure
With a wild sweet cry of pleasure,
And a 'Hey down derry, let's be merry, little girl and boy!'"

ONE LIFE'S MYSTERY!

BY

H. REBAK.

Author of "Bound by a Spell," "Humphrey Grant's Will," "Doomed," Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

A DEATH-BED.

The house in Church Road was wearing much the same aspect as when Andrew kept his nightly vigil before its door. Light, however, was never seen now to shine through the parlor window, but throughout the darkness it was never extinguished in the bed-room into which we purpose to conduct the reader.

It was about dusk, on a rainy September evening, the one following that on which occurred the events recorded in the last chapter. The chamber was poorly and scantily furnished. Upon the bed lay the emaciated form of a woman, on whose livid features Death had already laid his fingers.

Seated at the small round table, beside the bed, was Bertha. But how changed from the beautiful girl that Andrew Marney wooed, and almost won, in the wild Cumberland district, little more than two years before! How changed, even, from the pale, sad Bertha, that he met only a few months back, beneath the lamp in De Beauvoir Square! Her cheeks were hollow, her complexion white, her once well-rounded form was reduced to a shadow. She was at needlework. There was silence in the room, save the ticking of a large, old-fashioned silver watch upon the table; the click of Bertha's needle, and the hard, short breathing of the sick woman.

Presently the young girl consults the watch, and poured into a glass some medicine out of one of the several bottles that stood beside her.

"Mother, dear," she said, advancing to the bed, and raising the patient's head, "it is time for you to take your medicine."

As the two faces were brought thus closely together, there was, allowing for the difference of age, a marvellous resemblance.

"Take it away, child!—take it away!" cried the sick woman, irritably. "Physic is no use to me; all the doctoring in the world wouldn't keep me alive another week! I feel it here!" she groaned, pressing her heart. "But"—touching her forehead—"it is many a day since I felt so light and clear here. All the torturing fiends that used to goad me into fury have gone away. That is a sign before death!"

"You must not think of that, mother dear!" answered Bertha, the hot tears falling fast upon the coverlet of the bed. "I am sure you are better than you were last week. This medicine will strengthen you, and it is weakness which chiefly ails you now."

"Ay, it is the weakness that will kill me!" murmured the patient, taking the glass, and swallowing the contents.

She sank back upon her pillow, apparently exhausted even by this slight effort. Bertha stooped over and kissed the cold forehead, upon which the dews of death were already gathering. She was going back to her work, when the thin, bony hand stayed her, and motioned that she should seat herself beside the bed.

"Keep near me," she whispered. "Rest a little from that work. You must be so weary; you have never left it since daybreak this morning! Why should you weep at the thought of my death?" she asked, after a pause to recover her breath. "You should rather rejoice, for oh! what a sad burthen I am to you!"

"It makes me very unhappy to hear you say so, mother," Bertha tenderly said.

"I do not believe that there is such another heart as yours in the world, Bertha," the sick woman replied, after another pause, and taking her hand. "What affection did you owe to me? You were taken from me before you could scarcely lisp the name of mother. You were brought up to believe another—a good, kind creature—one deserving of all your love—brought you into the world. It was through me you were taken away from a happy home, and plunged into misery."

"You forget, mother, that it was you who saved me from the commission of a dreadful sin!" interrupted Bertha. "What are all the trials I have endured compared to that, the very thought of which is almost death?"

"Ay, ay, that is something; but you have endured much poverty, privation, anxiety," continued the sick woman. "I can see it now. Everything seems so much clearer to me, where all before was confused. Tell me—have I not been mad?"

And she drew the young girl down to her, and gazed into her face with a searching look.

"Oh, mother! what puts such ideas into your mind?" answered Bertha, evasively, and turning away her head.

"You do not like to acknowledge it, but I know that it is so!" said her mother, relaxing her clutch, and sinking back upon the pillow again. "Since my brain has grown clearer, I have lain here thinking—trying to trace back. My young days have come upon my remembrance as fresh as the things of yester. Then intervenes a gulf, with here and there a broken memory; but all the rest is a whirl, a confusion, a horror—that gulf is *madness*. I know it—I feel it. A voice seems to whisper it in my ears. And what else could come of what I have gone through? Could any brain have preserved its reason, and have suffered as I have?"

Here sobs, followed by a painful fit of coughing, interrupted her speech. Leaning over, and caressing her, Bertha implored the poor creature to compose herself, and desist from speaking.

"I must speak now or never," she answered, as soon as she had recovered her breath, "for my lips will soon be silent in death. Do not weep, my darling; it will be a happy release for both. You remember the conversation we had last night, and the packet I sealed up? You know where I have placed it, between the bed and the mattress. Take it from there and sew it up in your stays, lest *he* should make a search when I am dead and discover it."

Obedient to her mother's wishes, Bertha placed her hand beneath the bed, and drawing forth a large, bulky envelope, proceeded to sew it up to her stays next her body. The sick woman watched her with the most eager attention, and uttered a sigh of relief when all was completed.

Scarcely had she finished redressing, when a knock came at the door. It was the doctor. One glance at the patient was sufficient. He called Bertha into the passage.

"If your mother has left any affairs unarranged, she must not lose another moment," he said, gravely. "I fear that in a few hours all will be over. You must not be alone with her to-night."

"The person who usually attends her will be here at nine o'clock," answered Bertha, with quivering lips.

When the doctor had gone, and the poor girl returned to the room, she could see the look of anxious inquiry in the sick woman's face.

"I know why he called you out," she said. "It was to tell you that I am going fast, I know it, I can feel it. I shall never see another sunrise."

Bertha dropped upon her knees beside the bed and sobbed as though her heart would break.

"You must not give way, darling," gasped the dying woman, almost irritably. "You must summon all your firmness and listen to me; and if you love me, I conjure you to attend to my last wishes. Lose no time about the burial. Do not keep this poor, wretched clay above the earth an hour longer than is necessary. Let the funeral take place within forty-eight hours. Mark this as my most urgent request. Leave this house with the coffin, and mind that you never re-enter it upon any pretext whatever. Get away from *him*, and never, if you can help it, let him cross your path again. Then take that packet to its destination, and place it, yourself, in the hands of the person to whom it is directed. If his heart has been always steeled against the mother, surely it will soften at the sight of the child. You promise me that you will faithfully perform all this?"

"I will do so, mother."

"And, should all else fail, give me your word that you will return to Cumberland."

"Oh, mother, do not ask me to do that. There are memories connected with the spot; besides, it is scarcely probable they would take me back after my causing them so much anxiety leaving them so strangely."

"They know for whom you left them. Think how dearly they loved you. In that they would find forgiveness for you. Twenty pounds—four five pound notes—which I have been hoarding for years, that is all the money I can leave you, and out of which you will have to pay the expenses of my funeral. Spend as little as possible upon that; but however economical you may be you will only have a small sum left. What can you do? Only this wretched needle-work. Therefore, if this packet fails, say you will return to Cumberland."

Very reluctantly, Bertha gave the required assurance.

"Something tells me," said the sick woman, "that you will not be compelled to keep this promise. You will find protection where you have the right to demand it."

Here, overpowered by the exertion of so much talking, her voice wholly failed her, and she lay back, gasping like one in the last extremity. Soon afterwards, the nurse arrived. As the night advanced, the patient grew rapidly worse, and fell into a state of unconsciousness which might have been taken for death but for the short, painful gasps that broke from the rigid lips.

Just as the clock of the neighboring church struck midnight, she stared wildly around; but it was evident her sight was gone, as she felt feebly with her hands, like a blind person; the lips moved convulsively, but no sound came from them. Suddenly the mouth dropped, and then all was still.

"She is gone," whispered the nurse, gently closing the eyelids.

* * * * * *

"Don't go away, Mrs. Jenkins; some one will, I think, be here soon. When he comes, go down stairs into the sitting-room and wait until I call you, but do not leave me alone in the house with him."

So said Bertha to the nurse at twelve o'clock on the following morning. Much had been done during the last twelve hours—all arrangements for the funeral completed. It was to take place on the following afternoon, in compliance with the dead woman's request.

Some little time afterwards, there was a loud, imperious knock at the street door.

"It is he," said Bertha, with a shiver.

The nurse went down stairs and admitted the visitor, who, in another moment, stood in the chamber of death. It was a solemn sight he gazed upon; the day was gloomy and misty, and the leaden light that struggled through the curtained window, made only a semi-darkness in the room, adding a new horror to the shrouded thing that lay ghastly and still beneath the white sheet. Beside the bed, as though guarding that which lay upon it, stood Bertha; outwardly calm, but inwardly trembling. A shiver passed through her as the dark, ominous

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SITTING DOWN ON THE FLOOR OF HER ROOM, AND PLACING THE LAMP ON A CHAIR, SHE TOOK OUT THE PAPERS.

figure of the dumb man hurried into the room. He cast a quick glance towards the bed, shrugged his shoulders with an air of brutal indifference, and signalled, in his dumb language:

"So she is gone?"

Bertha bowed her head.

He looked about inquisitively, and walked to different parts of the room, and asked, by signs, "What papers has she left behind?"

"See for yourself," replied Bertha, coldly.

With a suspicious glance at her, he began searching the room, rummaging the boxes, and at last approached the bed, as if he would search even that.

"Keep back!" cried Bertha, stretching out her arms resolutely. "Search where else you please, but you shall not approach here! Respect the dead, if you do not the living!"

A motion of contempt and a low, guttural laugh was his answer, as he made another step forward.

"I solemnly vow to you that no papers are concealed about this bed," again cried Bertha. "If you move another step I will call assistance. You shall not profane the dead!"

There was a determination in her look and tone that made him pause with a savage scowl. He took up a slate which lay upon the table, and wrote, "I know there are papers somewhere. Where are they?"

"In safety," replied Bertha, courageously.

"Give them to me."

"I cannot."

"If those papers are not at once delivered up to me, the parish may bury her and you may starve, for not one copper shall you have from me," he wrote again.

"I never intend to take another farthing from your hands," answered Bertha, proudly. "Your power over me departed with her breath. I am free from your tyranny now. I submitted to it for her sake, as I knew that every offence I committed against you would fall upon her. While she lived, I was your slave; but I am so no longer. Your threats have no effect upon me. In regard to the funeral, that is already arranged and paid for."

He advanced with a menacing gesture, as though he would do her violence. She seized upon the hand-bell that stood upon the table beside her, and rung it violently. The summons brought Mrs. Jenkins into the room.

For a moment he stood irresolute, but still threatening; then, with a look of baffled rage, and uttering those horrible guttural sounds that always broke from him when he was under the influence of extreme passion, he rushed from the room and out of the house.

As the door shut behind him, with a bang that shook the house to its foundation, Bertha fell back in a chair, almost fainting. Her courage had sustained her only in his presence, that gone, it gave way entirely.

As she sat that evening, keeping her solemn vigil, by the dim light of an oil lamp, her mind was agitated by many doubts and fears. She knew the man she had defied too well, to believe that he would relinquish his purpose for so slight a check as she had given him. There was no violence or villainy to which he was not capable of resorting to carry his point.

It was not for her personal safety that she feared, for Bertha was no coward, but for that of the precious packet which had been confided to her care with such solemn injunctions. It must be delivered without this man's knowledge—such were her instructions—and most difficult would she find it to carry them out. He would watch her every movement, dog her wherever she went. She would have the greatest difficulty in eluding him, if she succeeded at all. While this game of hide and seek was being played, she ran a continual danger of being caught in his machinations, falling into his hands, and what then would avail her poor strength against his determined will? He would search her, wrest the packet from her, and laugh at her threats. If she had only some person to whom she could entrust it for a time! Alas! she was alone in the great city, without a friend, or any person in whom she could confide.

Suddenly an idea struck her. Sitting down on the floor of her room, and placing the lamp on a chair, she took out the papers. She resolved to put it into another envelope, direct it to some initials, say "M. N., Poste Restante, St. Martin's Le Grand." It was a fleeting memory of Andrew Marney, and of the letter which she had written to him a few months back, which suggested this plan.

No sooner was it conceived than it was executed. She put on her bonnet and shawl, hastened to the nearest stationer's, purchased a large envelope, directed it in the shop, and proceeding to the nearest district office, posted it with her own hands.

What a relief she felt when she heard it fall into the letter-box. There seemed to be a heavy weight taken from her heart.

* * * *

The dead woman was laid in her humble grave in Abney Park Cemetery. The earth rattled hollowly upon the coffin. They have looked their last upon it, and the two solitary female mourners, Bertha and Mrs. Jenkins, the only persons who had followed the funeral, turned away, and faced the cold, drizzling rain that had been falling since early morning. Silently and solemnly they re-entered the mourning coach that brought them thither. Bertha shrank into a corner, sobbing piteously, while her companion offered the ineffectual, stereotyped consolation usual upon such occasions.

And so they drove back to Church Road. Just as the gloomy day began to fade into night, they were set down at the gate of the house. Oh, what a chill, desolate, horrible place it looked as they entered it in the dusk—the grate fireless, the furniture all in disorder, no sound to be heard but the slow, monotonous drip, drip of the rain-drops without!

Bertha threw herself upon a couch, still sobbing. Presently she remembered that she had already neglected one of her dead mother's most earnest warnings, *never to return to that house after her body had been removed from it.* Was there any hidden meaning in that warning, or did it proceed merely from overanxiety that she and the packet should, as quickly as possible, be beyond *his* reach. Well, the packet was safe, and, therefore, she had nothing to fear. She felt so worn and weary that she could not seek for fresh lodgings that night, but as soon as it was daylight she would leave the house forever.

In the meanwhile Mrs. Jenkins had lighted the fire and prepared tea. When the kettle boiled, she discovered that there was neither tea nor sugar in the house. Without speaking to Bertha, who was lying quite motionless, with her face in the sofa pillow, she put on her bonnet and left the room unobserved. She would not be five minutes away; there was a grocer's shop just round the corner in the Essex Road; so she drew the street door gently after her without latching it, as she had often done before, and hurried away upon her errand.

There were several customers in the shop, and she had to wait many minutes before she was served. When she got back to the house, she found the door wide open—doubtless it had been blown back by the wind. The parlor-door was also wide open, and that she certainly shut close as she went out. The room was precisely as when she left it, the tea-things were upon the table, the kettle boiling away upon the hob, but where was Bertha? She was not there!

A feeling of apprehension seized upon the woman. She took the candle and hurried upstairs, thinking she might have gone to the bedroom. She was not there. She was not to be found. What if she had fled from the house, in her despair, to suicide?

Trembling from head to foot, Mrs. Jenkins hurried out into the street once more, in the vague hope of finding her. She inquired of passers-by, of policemen; she wandered from street to street until she was drenched with rain, but she could find no tidings of the lost one.

Wearied out at last, she returned to the house. The whole of that night she sat up by the fire, listening to every foot-fall that passed the gate. The morning dawned, and found her still keeping watch, but Bertha had not returned.

CHAPTER XXIII.

EXPLANATIONS.

Great was Andrew's astonishment, when he returned from Reading rather late in the evening, to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Armstrong had taken their departure from Marney several hours before.

"Did James give you any hint of such an intention?" asked Sir William.

"Not the slightest. It is very strange conduct."

"So we all think. I only hope it may prove no worse," answered his uncle, significantly.

Andrew said nothing. He was still loth to believe any evil of his friend, and he knew that to speak in his defense would only arouse Sir William's ire, so he wisely held his tongue.

Here the subject dropped. When the conversation was resumed, it turned upon what was then the most interesting topic to both—Andrew and Sophie's engagement.

"I trust, Andrew," said Sir William, "that before you solicited your cousin's affections you thoroughly examined your heart, and assured yourself that you could be to her a loving and constant husband."

"I did, sir."

"And what of the—the past? Pardon my reviving memories, which should be dead; but it is so imperative there should be no mistake where the whole future happiness of such a gentle, loving creature as Sophie is at stake."

"No woman can ever be to me what she was," answered Andrew, sadly. "The romance of my youth is blotted out forever. Its characters can never be revived again. But cold, indeed, must be the heart that could not yield to such a creature as Sophie Cleveland."

During this speech, Sir William's eyes were filled with tears; and when next he spoke his voice trembled with emotion.

"I feel for you deeply, Andrew," he said; "for I, too, have loved madly, and was deceived."

Andrew could not help expressing in his face the profound astonishment that his uncle's words had excited. Sir William was the last person in the world from whom he should have expected such a confession.

"But my past is buried long ago in the cold, silent grave," continued his uncle, brushing away his tears; "the ghost of it will sometimes rise, let me exercise it as I will, because I have never called to my aid the only spell which can effectually lay such apparitions—a gentle, loving wife. A single life is a wasted life, and that is what mine has been. Ah! if heaven had but blessed me with a child! But here I am verging upon old age, and alone in the world!"

"But you shall be no longer so," cried Andrew, with deep emotion. "We will be your children, I and Sophie; we will not leave Marney, but remain with you to comfort your old age, we and our children."

His uncle grasped his hand with an eloquence too deep for words.

"Such has been my selfish dream for many a long day," he said, as soon as his voice was steady enough to allow him to speak. "My circle of affection is very limited; yourself and your two cousins, and my sister, of course," he added, drily, "being the only persons in whom I take any deep interest. In regard to Harriet, her cold, ambitious nature was always patent to me; wealth and position, those constituted her ideal of life, and I very soon made up my mind that to get her a rich husband was the best thing I could do for her, for, as you know, I have always considered myself to be the girls' natural guardian, their parents not being in a position to guide their future prospects. But Sophie was always a great favorite of mine, and it is now some time that I have been painting for myself some such pleasant picture as you have just drawn. You may imagine the disappointment I felt when I heard of your infatuation for a stranger."

"Then you were told of it by some one?" interrupted Andrew. "May I ask who that person was?"

"You may ask, but you will not be answered, as I gave my word not to tell. You know the parties to whom you confided your secret; by running them over in your mind you may discover the informer for yourself."

James Armstrong was the only person who knew the secret, and, of course, Andrew's mind immediately reverted to him; but he made no remark, and his uncle proceeded with his explanations.

"Yet, for all this, I would not have been so selfish as to enforce my wishes contrary to your justifiable inclinations. Had I found you to be sincerely attached to a good girl, and one who, although humbly born, would have been no disgrace to your social position, I would have been no bar to your union with her. It was to ascertain this I first made inquiries into the affair! When I heard of her strange disappearance and of the sad way in which you were wasting your life, I considered that it was my duty to bring to bear all the influence I possessed to put an end to your infatuation. This will explain my subsequent behavior towards you."

Andrew was deeply touched by his uncle's kind words and intentions, and expressed his sense of them with much feeling.

"I think Christmas tide would be a very good time for the marriage," he suggested, in the course of conversation. "Say about the eighteenth of December; you can then pay your votive offering to fashion by going away for a few days—although why people should run away upon those occasions, as if they had done something to be very much ashamed of, I cannot understand—and be back to keep Christmas at Marney. By-the-bye, we must write off to Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland to-morrow morning, tell them what has happened, and go through the form of asking their consent, which they will be delighted to give. Why, it is twelve o'clock, I declare!" he exclaimed, looking at his watch. "Late hours for Marney."

And, exchanging a warm grasp of the hand and a hearty good-night, the two gentlemen took their way to their respective bed-chambers.

Mrs. Armstrong's maid, as pre-arranged, started for London the next morning, with all the luggage and things which her mistress had left behind. The inhabitants of the Hall, however, were greatly surprised to see her return that same evening. She requested to speak to Miss Sophie immediately, and as soon as she stood in that young lady's presence, she began to tell her how, upon arriving at Paddington, she was met upon the platform by a strange servant, who, after taking charge of the luggage and putting it upon a cab, handed her a note, which, upon opening, she found to contain two quarters' wages and a notification that Mrs. Armstrong would no longer require her services. While she was reading this dismissal, the cab drove away, leaving her to return to Marney and tell what had happened to her.

In a state of much agitation, Sophie sent for Sir William. He also looked very grave upon hearing the maid's story. While it was being told the second time, Andrew came into the room.

"We must go to London at once," cried Sophie, excitedly. "Depend upon it, there is something wrong. Oh, my poor sister! What is the meaning of this? Have you the letter about you?" she asked, turning to the maid.

"Here it is, ma'am."

"This is not my sister's writing," cried Sophie, the moment she saw the note.

"It is very like James Armstrong's," said Andrew, looking over her shoulder.

"Go and get a railway time-table, Andrew. I will not rest a night in suspense about my sister's situation," cried Sophie, half beside herself with excitement.

"Gently, gently, my dear child," interposed Sir William, gravely. "You forget that you are not acquainted with her address."

"We will go to Russel Square and demand it."

"Gently, gently, I say again."

"But, dear uncle, what is to be done?"

"What you shall do, is to go to your room at once and write a few lines to Harriet, requesting her to send you her address by return of post. Direct the envelope to the care of —— Armstrong, Esq., Russell Square, and Joseph, the groom, shall ride off with it to Windsor, so that it shall be in time for the night mail. Now, not another word, dear; do as I bid you, while Andrew and I have a talk together. And you, Eliza," turning to the maid, "can follow Miss Sophie."

"This is beginning to look serious," said Sir William, as soon as he was alone with his nephew. "This girl has been dismissed, evidently in order to break off all connecting links between Harriet and Marney. Unless there was something to be hidden, why should they do this? I tell you, this last circumstance renders me very uneasy."

"Suppose I were to go up to town and see James?" suggested Andrew.

"The very thing I was about to propose. We will wait, however, the return of the post, and see whether any answer comes to Sophia's letter."

Here the conversation was interrupted by that young lady entering with the note in her hand, which Andrew at once proceeded to deliver into the hands of the groom, who was to bear it to Windsor.

Sir William returned to the library, and, seating himself before the cheerful fire—for the evening was damp and chilly—fell into a profound reverie. Presently he rose from his seat, paced the room with agitated steps, muttering to himself in broken sentences! At length he sharply pulled the bell, and, with the air of a man who had made up his mind to submit to some disagreeable task, threw himself into his chair again with a deep sigh.

"Request Mrs. Mastern to oblige me by stepping this way," he said to the servant who answered the summons.

In a few moments the strange, grim woman entered the apartment and stood silently awaiting her master's orders.

"Sit down, Mrs. Mastern," he said, pointing to a chair opposite to his own. "I have a question to ask you upon a subject that has not been mentioned between us for many years—of course, you know to what I refer." He paused for a moment, not for an answer, but to gain courage to speak his next words. "What was the name of *that man?*" he asked, at length.

He was in almost breathless suspense for her answer.

It was laconic, being simply "*Armstrong.*"

"Are you sure of that?" he asked, growing very pale.

"I am now; I was not so until yesterday," she replied. "The name had always sounded familiar to me, but I could never form the least idea where I had heard it. Last night I accidentally came across a bundle of old letters and papers; in looking through them, I caught sight of the name. It must have been from that letter, which contains the only mention of it I have ever heard or seen, that I have had that dim remembrance."

"Then James Armstrong's father is that man," exclaimed Sir William, sinking back, trembling, in his chair.

"It is certainly a strange coincidence of names, yet might be only such," she answered.

"I have no shadow of doubt but that it is so," he interrupted. "From the first moment my eyes fell upon him, he filled me with an instinctive repugnance, and I fancied that I discovered in his manner a covert hostility. You remember my losing *her* portrait; there was a look upon his face which convinced me that he had found it and appropriated it. From that time, a vague suspicion has taken possession of me, which has gradually assumed a form I dared not contemplate. A hundred times I have been upon the point of asking you the question I have just put, but could never summon up the courage to reopen those memories. And I have received that villain, that wretch, beneath my roof. Nay, more, have married my unhappy niece to his son! Oh, this is terrible, terrible!"

"Pray compose yourself, Sir William; you will alarm the house," said Mrs. Mastern; for, in his excitement, his voice had risen almost to a shriek.

"But what is to be done? How is this unfortunate girl to be rescued from their hands? They will work some horrible villainy upon her! They have made the marriage only for this purpose!"

"Be under no apprehension on your niece's account, Sir William," answered Mrs. Mastern, coldly. "Whatever villainy there may be on hand, she will take her share in it."

"What do you mean, Mrs. Mastern?"

"I mean, Sir William, that you have been nourishing a viper in your bosom," she answered, acrimoniously; "and that she and Mr. James Armstrong, before they were man and wife, began plotting how they could disinherit Mr. Andrew and get the heritage into their own hands. I have overheard them."

"If I thought that you were speaking without the firmest foundation for such an accusation, you should not remain another hour beneath this roof!" exclaimed Sir William, starting up, his eyes all ablaze with passion.

"Have you ever known me to make light assertions?" she asked.

"Then why have you not informed me of this before?" he cried, turning his irritation in another direction.

"What purpose would that have served, sir?" she answered, calmly. "Their plots existed only in words. When they attempted to bring them into action was time enough to put you upon your guard. I watched them closely. Nothing takes place in this house that escapes my notice."

"Tell me how you know," he demanded, sharply.

She then, in her cold, concise way, proceeded to relate how, from Harriet's and James Armstrong's peculiar manner, whispers, and other signs, she early suspected some mischief. "With Miss Cleveland I had been acquainted since her childhood," she remarked, in a meaning tone. "And for James, I made up my mind as to his character, the first time he came to Marney." She then went on to tell how, her suspicions being aroused, she set herself to watch them, and, when practicable, to listen to their conversation.

"But all this was very mean and despicable, Mrs. Mastern," said Sir William, severely.

"You must fight people with their own weapons, sir," she answered, quite unmoved by the reproof. "You know the saying, 'Set a thief to catch a thief!' When you have to do with dishonorable people, you must resort to dishonorable means to defeat their machinations."

"I cannot subscribe to your doctrines, Mrs. Mastern. But proceed."

It would be superfluous to follow her narrative, with the particulars of which the reader is already acquainted. Suffice it to say, that by listening at doors, and other such means, she had gathered a knowledge of all their plans. While she was speaking, Sir William shifted about uneasily upon his chair, and the expression of his face told how deeply he was affected.

"This is very dreadful, very shocking," he exclaimed, wiping his forehead with his handkerchief, "to find such treachery in the bosom of your own family; to find that you have been warming a serpent in your bosom. I would sooner not have known it than have had my faith in human nature so shaken."

"I should scarcely have thought, Sir William, that your experiences of it have left behind much faith to be shaken," she answered, bitterly.

"If my experiences had been twice as painful as they have been, I should be sorry to plead guilty to such a charge," he answered. "If you found two or three sour apples in an orchard, would you, henceforth, condemn the whole as bad? But you can leave me now, Mrs. Mastern."

Without another word, and with a slight reverence, the grim woman left the room. This discovery of his niece's treachery pained even more than incensed him. His first resolution was that he would never look upon her face again—that henceforth she should be an alien to him; but, very soon, more merciful thoughts prevailed.

"It is that villain who has thus warped her mind," he muttered; "it is scarcely just to lay the sin upon her shoulders."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

STATISTICS OF MINING.—In Great Britain there are 410,000 men employed in the coal mines below ground and 106,000 engaged above ground. The coal mined each year amounts to 128,500,000 tons. On an average 1,000 men are killed every year and 4,000 wounded. In the last half century 50,000 men have been killed in the mines and some 200,000 were wounded. In the United States 83,000 men are employed in mining and 50,000,000 tons of coal mined yearly. In Pennsylvania the death rate exceeds that of Great Britain. The death rate in Ohio was also greater last year than that of England, but this year it will be less. The most dangerous in the United States are in Schuylkill county, Pennsylvania, one man being killed there for every 35,000 tons mined. One man is killed in England for every 138,000 tons mined, one in Pennsylvania for every 88,000 tons, and one in Ohio for every 133,000 tons. This destruction of human life ought to be considered when making complaints about dear fuel.

WAILING OF THE WIND.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

We sat around the blazing hearth,
In all we numbered four;
Four trusty friends, we were content,
Nor wished our number more.

The fitful blaze, with wayward light,
Lit up the ancient hall,
And made four figures, still and dark,
Appear upon the wall.

The creaking doors, the rattling panes,
The dashing waves' loud tone,
Lent to the night a wild delight,
Yet made us feel alone.

Around the fire we gathered close,
And in low voices spoke
Of all the thoughts and mem'ries
The storm's deep moaning woke.

It battled with a heavy hand,
And made a noisy strife,
Arousing us to graver thoughts,
And wiser plans of life.

But when the wind had hushed its voice,
And folded down its wings,
We half forgot its many tones,
That wailed so many things.

THE SPECTRAL CONDOR.

A Story of the South Sea.

By CAPTAIN MAYNE REID

CHAPTER XXXII.

"AMBRE LA PUERTA!"

Another sun has shone upon San Francisco Bay, and gone down in red gleam over the far-spreading Pacific, leaving the sky of a leaden color, moonless and starless. As the hour of midnight approaches, it assumes the hue predicted by Rocas, and desired by Diaz. For the ocean fog has again rolled shoreward across the peninsula, and shrouds San Francisco as with a pall. The adjacent country is covered with its funereal curtain, embracing within its folds the house of Don Gregorio Montijo.

The inmates seem all asleep, as at this hour they should. No light is seen through the windows, nor any sound heard within the walls. Not even the bark of a dog, the bellow of a stalled ox, or the stamping of a horse in the stables. Inside as without, all is silence. The profound silence seems strange, though favorable, to four men not far from the house, and gradually, but with slow steps, drawing nearer to it. For they are approaching by stealth, as can be told by their attitudes and gestures. They advance crouchingly, now and then stopping to take a survey of the *terrain* in front, as they do so exchanging whispered speech with one another.

Through the hazy atmosphere their figures show weird-like—all the more from their grotesque gesticulation. Scrutinised closely and in a clear light they would still present this appearance, for although in human shape, and wearing the garb of men, their faces more resemble those of demons. They are human countenances, nevertheless, but craped—*enmascaradas*. Nothing more is needed to tell who and what they are, with their purpose in thus approaching Don Gregorio's dwelling. They are burglars, designing to break it.

It needs not the removal of their masks to identify them as the four conspirators left plotting in the ranche of Rafael Rocas.

They are now *en route* for putting their scheme into execution.

It would look as if Don Gregorio were never to get his gold to Panama—much less have it transported to Spain.

And his daughter! What of her, with Francisco de Lara drawing nigh as one of the nocturnal ravagers? His granddaughter, too, Faustino Calderon being another?

One cognisant of the existing relations, and spectator of what is passing now—seeing the craped robbers as they steal on towards the house—would suppose it in danger of being doubly despoiled, and that its owner is to suffer desolation, not only in fortune, but in that far dearer to him, his family.

The burglars are approaching from the front, up the avenue, though not on it. They keep along its edge among the manzanita bushes. These, with the fog, afford sufficient screen to prevent their being observed from the house, even though sentinels were set upon its azotea. But there appears to be none; no eye to see, no voice to give warning, not even the bark of a watch-dog to wake those unconsciously slumbering within.

As already said, there is something strange in this. On a large grazing estate it is rare for the Molossian to be silent. More usually his sonorous bay is heard sounding throughout the night, or at short intervals. Though anything but desirous to hear the barking of dogs, the burglars are nevertheless puzzled at the universal silence, so long continued. For before entering the inclosure, they have been lying concealed in a thicket outside, their horses tied to the trees where they have left them, and during all the time not a sound has reached them; not a voice either of man or animal! They are now within sight of the house, its massive front looming large dark through the mist—still no sound outside, and within the stillness of death itself!

Along with astonishment, a sense of awe is felt by one of the four criminals—Calderon, who has still some lingering reluctance as to the deed about to be done—or it may be but fear. The other three are too strong in courage, and too hardened in crime, for scruples of any kind.

Arriving at the end of the avenue, and within a short distance of the dwelling, they stop for a final consultation, still screened by a clump of manzanitas. All silent as ever; no one stirring; no light from any window; the shutters closed behind the *rejas*—the great *puerta* as well.

"Now about getting inside," says De Lara; "what will be our best way?"

"In my opinion," answers Diaz, "we will do best by climbing up to the *azotea* and over it into the *patio*."

"Where's your ladder?" asks Rocas, in his gruff blunt way.

"We must find one, or something that will serve instead. There should be loose timber lying about the corrals—enough to provide us with a climbing-pole."

"And while searching for it, wake up some of the *vaqueros*. That won't do."

"Then what do you propose, Rafael?" interrogates De Lara.

The seal-hunter, with his presumed experience in housebreaking, is listened to with attention.

"Walk straight up to the door," he answers; "knock, and ask to be admitted."

"Aye; and have a blunderbuss fired at us, with a shower of bullets big as billiard-balls. *Carrai!*"

It is Calderon who speaks thus apprehensively.

"Not the least danger of that," rejoins Rocas. "Take my word, we'll be let in."

"Why do you think so?"

"Why? Because we have a claim on the hospitality of the house."

"I don't understand you, Rocas," says De Lara.

"Haven't we a good story to tell—simple, and to the purpose?"

"Still I don't understand. Explain yourself, Rafael."

"Don't we come as messengers from the man-of-war—from those officers you have been telling me about?"

"Ah; now I perceive your drift."

"One can so announce himself, while the others keep out of sight. He can say he's been sent by the young gentlemen on an errand to Don Gregorio, or the senoritas, if you like. Something of importance affecting their departure. True, by this they'll know the ship's weighed anchor. No matter; the story of a message will stand good all the same."

"Rafael Rocas!" exclaims De Lara, "you're a born genius. Instead of being forced to do a little smuggling now and then, you ought to be made administrator-general of customs. We shall act as you advise. No doubt the door will be opened. When it is, one can take charge of the janitor. He's a sexagenarian, and won't be hard to hold. If he struggle, let him be silenced. The rest of us can go ransacking. You, Calderon, are acquainted with the interior, and, as you say, know the room where Don Gregorio is most likely to keep his chest. You must lead us straight for that."

"But, Francisco," whispers Calderon in the ear of his confederate, after drawing him a little apart from the other two; "about the *ninas?* You don't intend anything with them?"

"Certainly not—not to-night; nor in this fashion. I hope being able to approach them in gentler guise, and more becoming time. When they're without a *peso* in the world, they'll be less proud; and may be contented to stay a little longer in California. To-night we have enough on our hands without that. One thing at a time—their money first, themselves afterwards."

"But suppose they should recognise us?"

"They can't. Disguised as we are, I defy a man's mother to know him. If they did, then—"

"Then what?"

"No use reflecting what. Don't be so scared, man! If I'd anticipated any chance of its coming to extremes of the kind you're thinking about, I wouldn't be here prepared for only half-measures. Perhaps we shan't even wake the ladies up; and if we do, there's not the slightest danger of our being known. So make your mind easy, and let's get through with it. See! Diaz and Rocas are getting impatient! We must rejoin them, and proceed to business at once."

The four housebreakers again set their heads together; and after a few whispered words, to complete their plan of proceeding, advance towards the door. Once up to it, they stand close in, concealed by its overshadowing arch.

With the butt of his pistol, De Lara knocks.

Diaz, unknown to the family, and therefore without fear of his voice being recognised, is to do the talking.

No one answers the knock; and it is repeated. Louder and still louder. The sexagenarian janitor sleeps soundly to-night, thinks De Lara, deeming it strange. Another "rat-at-ta" with the pistol-butt, followed by the usual formulary: "*Ambre la puerta!*" (open the door). At length comes a response from within; but not the customary "*Quen es?*" (Who's there), nor anything in Spanish. On the contrary, the speech which salutes the ears of those seeking admission is in a different tongue, and tone altogether unlike that of a native Californian.

"Who the old scratch are ye?" asks a voice from inside, while a heavy footstep is heard coming along the *zaguan*. Before the startled burglars can shape a reply, the voice continues: "Darn ye! what d'ye want, anyhow—wakin' a fellur out o' his sleep at this time o' the night? 'Twould sarve ye right if I sent a bullet through the door at ye. Take care what ye're about. I've got my shootin'-iron handy; an' a Colt's revolver it air."

"*Por Dios!* what does this mean?" mutters De Lara.

"Tell him, Diaz," he adds, in *sottovoce* to the cock-fighter—"tell him we're from the British man-of-war with—*Carrai!* I forgot, you don't speak English. I must do it myself. He won't know who it is." Then raising his voice: "We wan't to see Don Gregorio Montijo. We bring a message from the ship Crusader—from the two officers."

"Consarn the ship Croozader, an' yur message, an' yur two officers, I know nothing 'bout them. As for Don Gregorio, if ye want to get sight on him, ye're a preeshus way wide o' the mark. He ar'n't here any more. He's gin up the house, yesterday, an' tuk everything o' hisn out o't. I'm only here in charge o' the place. Guess you'll find both the Don an' his darters at the Parker—the most likeliest place to tree thet lot."

Don Gregorio gone!—his gold—his girls! Only an empty house, in charge of a care-taker, who carries a Colt's repeating pistol, and would use it on the slightest provocation! No good going inside now, but a deal of danger. Anything but pleasant medicine would be a pill from that sixshooter.

Many are the wild exclamations that issue from the lips of the disappointed housebreakers, as they turn away from Don Gregorio's dismantled dwelling, and hasten to regain their horses.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

A SCRATCH CREW.

It was a fortunate inspiration that led the ex hacendado to have his gold secretly carried on board the Chilian ship; another, that influenced him to transfer his family and household gods to an hotel in the town.

It was all done in a day—that same day. Every hour, after the sailing of the Crusader, had he become more anxious; for every hour brought intelligence of some new act of outlawry in the neighborhood, impressing him with the insecurity, not only of his Penates, but of the lives of himself and the young ladies. So long as the British ship lay in port, it seemed a protection to him; and although this may have been but fancy, it served somewhat to tranquilise his fears. Soon as she was gone he gave way to them, summoned Silvestre, with a numerous retinue of *cargadores*, and swept the house clean of everything he intended taking—the furniture alone being left, as part of the purchased effects. It is a company of speculators to whom he has sold the property, these designing to cut it up into town-lots and suburban villa-sites.

He has reason to congratulate himself on his rapid removal, as he finds on the following day, when visiting his old home for some trifling purpose, and there hearing what had happened during the night. The man in charge—a stalwart American, armed to the teeth—gives him a full account of the nocturnal visitors. There were four, he says—having counted them through the keyhole of the door—inquiring for him, Don Gregorio. They appeared greatly disappointed at not getting an interview with him; and went off uttering adjurations in Spanish, though having held their parley in plain English.

A message from the British man-of-war! and brought by men who swore in Spanish! Strange all that, thinks Don Gregorio, knowing the Crusader should then be at least a hundred leagues off at sea. Besides, the messengers have not presented themselves at the Parker House, to which the care-taker had directed them. "What could it mean?" asks the ex-hacendado of himself. Perhaps the sailor who is now first-officer of the Chilian ship, may know something of it; and he will question him next time he goes aboard. He has, however, little hope of being enlightened in that quarter; his suspicions turning elsewhere. He cannot help connecting Messrs De Lara and Calderon with the occurrence. Crozier's letter, coupled with further information, received from the bearer of it, has thrown such a light on the character of these two individuals, that he can believe them capable of anything. After their attempt to rob the young officers, and murder them as well, they would not hesitate to serve others the same, and the demand for admission to his house may have been made by these very men, with a couple of confederates—their design to plunder it, if not worse.

Thus reflecting, he is thankful for having so unconsciously foiled them—indeed, deeming it a providence. Still is he all the more solicitous to leave a land beset with such dangers. Even in the town he does not feel safe. Robbers and murderers walk boldly abroad through the streets; not alone but in the company of judges who have tried without condemning them; while lesser criminals stand by drinking bars, hobnobbing with the constables who either hold them in charge, or have just released them after a mock hearing before some magistrate, with eyes blind as those of Justice herself—blinded by the gold-dust of California!

Notwithstanding all this, Don Gregorio need have no fear for his ladies. Their sojourn at the hotel may be somewhat irksome and uncongenial, still are they safe. Rough-looking and boisterous as are some of their fellow-guests, they are yet in no way rude. The most sensitive lady need not fear moving in their midst. A word or gesture of insult to her would call forth instant resentment.

It is not on their account he continues anxious, but because of his unprotected treasure. Though secreted aboard the Condor, it is still unsafe. Should its whereabouts get whispered abroad, there are robbers bold enough, not only to take it from the Chilian skipper, but set fire to his ship, himself in her, and cover their crime by burning everything up. Aware of this, Don Gregorio, with the help of friendly Silvestre, has half-a-dozen trusty men placed board of her—there to stay till a crew can be engaged. It is a costly matter, but money may save money, and now is not the time to cavil at expenses.

As yet, not a sailor has presented himself. None seem caring to ship "for Valparaiso and intermediate ports," even at the double wages offered in the advertisement. The Condor's forecastle remains untenanted, except by the six long-shore men, who temporarily occupy it, without exactly knowing why they are there; but contented to make no inquiry, so long as they are receiving their ten dollars a day. Of crew, there is only the captain himself, his first-officer, and the cook.

Day by day, Don Gregorio grows more impatient, and is in constant communication with Silvestre. "Offer higher wages," he says; "engage sailors at any price." The ship agent yields assent; inserts a second *aviso* in the Spanish paper, addressed to "*marineros* of all nations." Triple wages to those who will take service on a well-appointed ship. In addition, all the usual allowances, the best of grub and grog. Surely this should get the Condor a crew.

And at length it does. Within twenty-four hours after the advertisement has appeared, sailors begin to show on her deck. They come singly, or in twos and threes; and keep coming till a half a score have presented themselves. They belong to different nationalities, speaking several tongues—among them English, French, and Danish. But the majority appear to be Spaniards, or Spanish-Americans, as might have been expected from the Condor being a Chilian ship. Among them is the usual variety of facial expression, though, in one respect, a wonderful uniformity. Scarce a man of them whose countenance is not in some way unprepossessing, either naturally of sinister cast, or brought to it by a career of sinful dissipation. Several of them show signs of having been recently drinking—in eyes bleary and bloodshot. Of strife, too, by other eyes that are blackened, with scars upon their cheeks not yet cicatrised. Some are still in a state of inebriety, and stagger as they stray about the decks.

Under any other circumstances, such sailors would stand no chance of being shipped. As it is, they are accepted—not one refused. Captain Lantanas has no choice, and knows it. Without them he is helpless, and it would be hopeless for him to think of putting to sea. If he do not take them the Condor may swing idly at her anchor for weeks, it might be months. Quick as they come aboard, he enters their names on the ship's books, while Harry Blew assigns them their separate bunks in the forepeak. One, a Spaniard, by name Padilla, shows credentials from some former ship that procure for him the berth of *piloto segundo* (second-mate.)

After the ten have been taken, no more present themselves. Even the big bounty does not tempt another tar from the saloons of San Francisco. In any other seaport, it would empty every sailors' boarding-house to its last lodger. Still ten hands are not enough to work the good ship Condor. Her captain knows it, and waits another day, hoping he may get a few more to complete her complement. He hopes in vain, the supply seems exhausted. Becoming convinced of this, he determines to set sail with such crew as he has secured. But little more remains to be done; some stores to be shipped, provisions for the voyage, the best and freshest San Francisco can afford. For he who authorizes their inlay cares not for the cost—only that things may be made comfortable. Don Gregorio gives *carte-blanche* for providing the vessel; and it is done according to his directions. At length everything is ready, and the Condor only awaits her passengers. Her cabin has been handsomely furnished; its best stateroom decorated to receive two ladies, fair as ever set foot on board a ship.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"ADIOS, CALIFORNIA.

Another sunrise over San Francisco, in all likelihood the last Don Gregorio Montijo will ever witness in California. For just as the orb of day shows its disc above the dome-shaped *silhouette* of Monte Diablo, flinging its golden shimmer across the bay, a boat leaves the town pier, bearing him and his towards the Chilian vessel, whose signals for sailing are out. Others are in the boat; a large party of ladies and gentlemen, who accompany them to do a last hand-shaking on board the ship. For, in quitting California, the ex-hacendado leaves many friends behind; among them, some who will pass sleepless hours thinking of Carmen Montijo; and others whose hearts will be sore as their thoughts turn to Inez Alvarez. It may be that none of these are in the boat, and better for them if they are not; since the most painful of all partings is that where the lover sees his sweetheart sail away, with the knowledge she cares neither to stay, nor come back.

The two young girls going off show but little sign of regret at leaving. They are hindered by remembrance of the last words spoken at another parting, now painfully recalled: "*Hasta, Cadiz!*" The thought of that takes the sting out of this.

The boat reaches the ship, and swinging around, lies alongside. Captain Lantanas stands by the gangway to receive his passengers, with their friends, while his first officer helps them up the man-ropes.

Among the ladies, Harry Blew distinguishes the two he is to have charge of, and with them is specially careful. As their soft, gloved fingers rest in his rough, horny hand, he mentally registers a vow that it shall never fail them in the hour of need, if such there ever be.

On the cabin table is spread a refection of the best, and around it the leave-takers assemble—the Chilian skipper doing the honors of the ship. And gracefully, for he is in truth, a gentleman.

Half an hour of merry-making, light chatter, enlivened by the popping of corks and clinking of glasses; then ten minutes of converse more serious, after which, hurried graspings of the hand, and a general scattering towards the shore-boat, which soon after moves off, amid exclamations of "*Adios!*" and "*Buens viage!*" accompanied by the waving of hands, and white, slender fingers saluting, with tremulous motion, like the quiver of a kestrel's wing—the fashion of the Spanish-American fair.

While the boat is being rowed back to the shore, the Condor spreads sail and stands away towards the Golden Gate.

She is soon out of sight of the port, having entered the strait which gives access to the great land-locked estuary. But a wind blowing in from the west hinders her, and she is all the day tacking through the eight miles of narrow water which connect San Francisco Bay with the Pacific.

The sun is nigh set as she passes the old Spanish fort, and opens view of the outside ocean. But the heavenly orb that rose over Mont Diablo like a globe of gold, goes down beyond Los Faralones more resembling a ball of fire about to be quenched in the sea.

It is still only half-immersed in the blue, liquid expanse, when, gliding out from the portals of the Golden Gate, the Condor rounds Seal Rock, and stands on her course W.S.W.

The wind has shifted; the evening breeze beginning to blow steadily from the land. This is favorable; and after tacks have been set and sails sheeted home, there is but little work to be done.

As it is the hour of the second dog-watch, the sailors are all on deck, grouped about the fore hatch, and gleefully conversing. Here and there, an odd individual stands by the side, with eyes turned shoreward, taking a last look at the land. Not as if he regretted leaving it, but rather glad to get away. More than one of the Condor's crew have reason to feel thankful that the Chilian craft is carrying them from a country where, had they stayed much longer, it would have been to find lodgment in a jail. Out at sea, their faces seemed no better-favored than when they first stepped on board. Scarce recovered from their shore carousing, they show swollen cheeks and eyes inflamed with alcohol—countenances from which the breezes of the Pacific, however pure, cannot remove that sinister expression.

At sight of them and the two fair creatures smiling in the same ship, a thought about the incongruity, as also the insecurity of such companionship, cannot help coming uppermost. It is like two beautiful birds of paradise shut up in the same cage with half a score of wolves, tigers, and hyenas.

But the birds of paradise are not troubling themselves about this, or anything else in the ship. Lingering abaft the binnacle, with their hands resting on the taffrail, they look back at the land, their eyes fixed upon the summit of a hill, ere long to be lost to their view by the setting of the sun. They have been standing so for some time in silence, when Inez says, "I can tell what you're thinking of, *tia*."

"Indeed! can you? Well, let me hear it."

"You're saying to yourself, 'What a beautiful hill that is yonder, and how I should like to be once more upon its top, not alone, but with somebody beside me. Now, tell the truth, isn't that it?"

"Those are your own thoughts, *sobrina*."

"I admit it, and also that they are pleasant. They are yours, also; are they not?"

"Only in part. I have others, which

I suppose you can share with me."

"What others?"

"Reflections not at all agreeable but quite the contrary."

"Again distressing yourself about that! It does not give me any concern; and didn't from the first."

"No?"

"No!"

"Well; I must say you take things easily—which I don't. A lover—engaged too—to go away in that *sans façon* manner! Not so much as a note, nor even a verbal message. *Santissima!* it was something more than rude—it was cruel; and I can't help thinking so."

"But there was a message in the letter to grandpapa, for both of us. What more would you wish?"

"Pff! who cares for parting compliments? A *lepero* would send better to his sweetheart in sleeveless *camisa*. That is not the message for me."

"How can you tell there wasn't some other which has miscarried? I'm almost sure there has been; else why should somebody have knocked at the door, and said so? The Americano left in charge of the house has told grandpapa something about four men having come there the night after we left it. One may have been the messenger, the others going with him for company; and through his neglect, we've not got letters intended for us. Or, if they haven't written, it's because they were pressed for time. However, we shall know when we meet them at Cadiz."

"Ah! when we meet them there, I'll demand an explanation from Eduardo. That shall I, and get it—or know the reason why."

"He will give a good one, I warrant. There's been a miscarriage somehow. For hasn't there been mystery all round. Luckily, no fighting, as we feared, and have reason to rejoice. Neither anything seen or heard of your Californian chivalry! That's the strangest thing of all."

"It is indeed strange," rejoins Carmen, showing emotion. "I wonder what became of them. Nobody that we know has met either after that day, nor yet heard word of them."

"Carmen, I believe one has heard of them."

"Who?"

"Your father."

"What makes you think so, Inez?"

"Some words I overheard while he was conversing with the English sailor who's now in the ship with us. I'm almost certain there was something in Mr. Crozier's letter that related to De Lara and Calderon. What it was, grandpapa seems desirous of keeping to himself, else he would have told us. We must endeavor to find it out from the sailor."

"You're a cunning schemer, *sobrina*. I should never have thought of that. We shall try. Now I remember, Eduardo once saved this man's life. Wasn't it a noble daring deed? For all, I'm mad angry with him leaving me as he did; and shan't be pacified till he get upon his knees and apologize for it. That he shall do at Cadiz."

"To confess the truth, *tia*, I was a little spited myself at first. On reflection, I feel sure there's been some mischance, and we've been wronging them both. I shan't blame my darling till I see him again. Then if he can't clear himself, oh, won't I?"

"You forgive too easily. I can't."

"Yes, you can. Look at yonder hill. Recall the pleasant hour passed upon it, and you'll be lenient, as I am."

Carmen obeys, and again turns her glance toward the spot sacred to sweet memories.

As she continues to gaze at it, the cloud lifts from her brow, replaced by a smile, that promises easy pardon to him who has offended her.

In silence the two stand, straining their eyes upon the far summit, till shore and sea become one—both blending into the purple of twilight.

"Adios, California!"

Land no longer in sight. The ship is *au large* on the ocean.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LAMARTINE'S MARRIAGE.—The story of the marriage of the great French poet and statesman is one of romantic interest. The lady was of an English family named Birch, and very wealthy. She first fell in love with the poet from reading his *Meditations Poetiques*. She was slightly past the bloom of youth, but still young and fair. She read and re-read the *Meditations*, and nursed the tender sentiment in secret. At length she saw Lamartine in Geneva, and her love became a part of her very life. Not long after this she was made acquainted with the fact that the poet was suffering, even to unhappiness, from the embarrassed state of his pecuniary affairs. Miss Birch was not long in deciding upon her course. She would not allow the happiness of a lifetime to slip from her if she could prevent it. She wrote to the poet a frank and womanly letter, acknowledging her deep interest and profound respect, and offering him the bulk of her fortune, if he were willing to accept it. Of course Lamartine could not but suspect the truth. Deeply touched by her generosity, he called upon her, and found her to be not only fair to look upon, but a woman of a brilliant literary and artistic education. He made an offer of his hand and heart, which was promptly and gladly accepted; and in the after-years Alphonse de Lamartine owed not more to his wife's wealth than to her sustaining love and inspiring enthusiasm.

WE BELIEVE IN FORTUNE TELLING.—"Do you believe in fortune-telling?" asks a young correspondent. Yes, certainly we do, and practice it, too. Would you like a few trials of our skill? Well, then give attention. When a boy with black hair and eyes always tells the truth, he will be believed and respected as long as he lives, and as people would prefer to keep him alive, he will stand a good chance to arrive at old age. A girl with brown hair and blue eyes, who obeys her parents, is good tempered and industrious, will have many admirers, particularly among sensible men, and she will therefore be in the way of getting a good husband. If a girl with rosy cheeks and curly hair, will avoid late hours, tight dresses, too many nice things to eat, will take plenty of exercise in the open air, and keep good natured, she will probably be a good-looking and happy lady, and if she obtains a good education, she will be a fit wife for a Governor or President. In all these cases the hair and eyes are of no great importance, but the other requisites must be strictly observed to have the good fortune come out right.

OUR WESTERN BORDER

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO!

BY CHAS. McKNIGHT.

Author of Old Fort Duquesne and Simon Girty.

MAJOR STOBO CAPTURES TWO SHIPS WITH ALL ON BOARD.

At this crisis, a daring and desperate idea enters Stobo's pate. They were in a terrible strait. Starvation on the one hand; renewed slavery on the other.

"Here are two enemy's vessels," he said, "and by their distance one may be attacked; nor by their mean appearance should I think them freight with men or arms; more like some country vessels and so I'll wish and hope and think; and now, could I divide the force of either and calmly, under cloud of night, steal on her by surprise, then might I hope success. The very thought elates my soul. By jove, she's mine! This next is the smallest of the two; on her the project shall immediately be tried."

A council is called; all hear with wonder, and promise to assist. Stobo orders them not to stir, but to keep close to the ground, while he should give a signal. Cutting a long stick he fastens thereon his handkerchief, and with it in one hand and a musket in the other, he coolly marches to the water's edge and fires his gun and waves his extemporized flag. The sun was just setting. His signal is seen from the ship. A boat is observed dropping over the side and two men and a boy came rowing to the shore where the redoubtable Major stands ready to receive them.

Approaching near they yet warily stand off and ask what he wants. Stobo answers in pretty good French that he was on the king's errand ("under which King, Benzonian? speak or die!"), and now he wants a passage down the river, for which he would willingly pay liberally. The night was cold and he had a bottle of rum which they were welcome to if they would fetch it, etc. The boat is driven to shore and hauled upon the beach, and while guzzling down the rum, violent hands are laid upon them, and the three are taken and bound.

All is fair in war, thinks Major Stobo, and he tells his astounded victims that they are in British hands subject to death, but "look here, my lads! you yet may live, if you faithfully declare what hands you left on board and what their arms." They are examined separately and all agree. The boy consents to pilot them aboard, as the Major thought his well-known voice might answer unpleasant questions and disarm all suspicion.

It was now darkest night. The two prisoners were bound each to a tree and the one woman, with drawn tomahawk, left to guard them. The patched-up vessel is then taken off the stocks and launched, the ship's boat being considered too small to carry six. She leaks badly, it is true, but she'll doubtless last to reach the ship. While two row, two more are kept busy bailing, and to this there was no let up. Off they go, and rowing softly on with silent stroke, came alongside the ship. A light there's in the binnacle, but ne'er a watch on deck; they're all hands down; the sloop rode fair; her buoy was clear ahead, the weather moderate and some turn in to sleep, for yet 'twas not half flood. The rest, at ease, enjoy themselves below.

Our hero first gets up the side, and as he softly stepped up on the deck, the trusty pistol, which in his belt was stuck, catches the ratlins of the shrouds which pulls it out, and it comes clatter on the deck. This gave the alarm, but woe to him who first came up! So soon as he had shown his face at the companion door and bounding up, so soon the Major let fly a shot in this surprise, and down the fellow tumbled. The shot had hit him right along the back and grazed the bone, but he's not killed, but quarter was the word and now the rest are all upon the deck. The prisoners he orders one by one down to the hold, the master only left, and then he locks the hatches, and then he questions freely.

"That schooner there above is my consort, and we are bound to Gaspee to bring provisions for three hundred Indians now assembled at Miramichi and Aristigush, under the command of Monsieur Bohaber, and who, on our return, are to proceed to Quebec to reinforce that garrison."

The Major is suddenly fired with the wish to prevent these Indians from joining his country's foes. By further querying he finds the schooner has ten men, but no gun or carriage or a swivel; of this last sort the sloop had six, all on one side. The windlass is now manned, the anchor is speak, and now she's under way, and steered by Stobo straight for the schooner.

"Stand firm, my lads," said Stobo, in low, collected tones, "this is a glorious night, and as for you, Monsieur, if you should once but mutter, your life that moment shall surely pay the cost."

Stobo now laid the sloop right alongside the schooner, and by his stern orders, a dose from all the swivels is poured into her at once. She was then boarded without one instant's delay, her crew instantly calling out for quarter.

This was a most extraordinary deed of Stobo's! How must that little band have been dazed at this daring and unexpected assault! Stobo now stood, with cocked musket, at the companion door; boldly ordered down the prisoners, one by one, from the sloop; removed everything valuable from the latter and smaller vessel; transferred the swivels, and then deliberately set fire to the sloop, which lights up the whole heaven with her funeral pyre.

All this time the poor woman stood trembling on the shore, keeping guard over the first two prisoners. When the thunder of the broadside was heard, the noise went to her heart like death's last summons. She was sure the guns were fired at Stobo and the rest, since she knew they had no guns. She was just about to surrender herself to her own two prisoners, and to entreat them to save her and her children, when she sees the vessel a-fire. She fears and wonders, but keeps her own thoughts. Now Stobo selects two of his best men and two prisoners, and sends them ashore for the company there, and brought all safely on board. The hatches now being closed on no less than eighteen prisoners, which are too many to be safe, they are ordered up by ones, and eight are sent adrift in the small boat, with provisions plenty, a musket and shot, and fishing tackle, when off sails the schooner under British command and worked by French sailors.

The small boat's party made straight to shore, and thence to the nearest military post, and told all that had happened. The officer, having heard of Stobo's escape from Quebec and the munificent prize offered for his capture, at once raised every man that could be spared; armed a suitable vessel and made chase after the schooner. Too late! by this time Stobo was too far ahead, and kept steadily on his course for several days, until the Island of St. John's appeared. By scudding along on one side of the isle, they chanced to miss a British fleet which was passing towards the river by the other channel. The armed sloop in pursuit of them, however, had no such good luck, for she was captured by the British.

At length our adventurous party sighted Cape Breton, away across the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and soon gained the British fortified port of Louisburg, having been full thirty-eight days making the voyage from Quebec. The news of this wonderful and gallant escape flew from mouth to mouth, and the whole place was in a ferment of excitement. Stobo was for a time the "observed of all observers." The schooner, with its valuable furs and other goods, was sold, and Stobo gave all his own share of the proceeds to the poor woman and her children, who had so long been his patient *compagnons du voyage*. The Major himself had nobler and more patriotic ends in view.

Two days only passed when behold Stobo on board an armed vessel about to join the expedition against Quebec. No danger in the river now is dreaded, and he is just as anxious to reach Quebec as he was formerly anxious to escape from it. Having arrived safely, Stobo at once waited on the British General Wolfe, told him who he was, and his intimate knowledge of the place where he had been so long confined, and asks for service. The General at once engaged him on reconnoitres, making him one of his own household. Once, when Wolfe was on a vessel closely examining the batteries about Montmorenci, an enemy's ball hit the vessel, causing a splinter to grievously wound Stobo in the thigh. He was daily engaged to lead scouting parties in every direction, and soon became known throughout the whole fleet and army for his activity.

Once, when Stobo was on the Admiral's ship, he was informed there was a French prisoner aboard who knew him, and found him to be the barber who used to dress his hair. Stobo ended the interview by taking him into his own service. The Major's thorough local information was of much use to Wolfe. When the great and successful assault was made, it was Stobo who pointed out the best place for a landing, and was then chosen to proceed to Boston by vessel as a courier, with important dispatches and kind recommendations, to General Amherst. When the Atlantic was reached, the vessel was chased by a French privateer. Stobo, soon as he found the capture of the British vessel was inevitable, determined to commit his dispatches to the deep, and to shoot his French valet to preserve his own life, but on the fellow solemnly swearing that he would never betray him, he removed his pistol from his temple and spared his life.

The privateer had taken several British vessels, and had aboard more prisoners than they could well secure. When this new vessel, therefore, was captured, the crew, among whom the Major passed undetected, was packed into a sloop, but his valet was put in irons as a French deserter. The sloop was then sent adrift with one day's provisions, to find the port of Halifax, which they were four days reaching. Stobo had scarce set foot on land before he hastened to reach Amherst by land—a dreary and wonderful journey through almost a total wilderness.

Of Stobo's difficulties and adventures during this tedious journey, we have no information, but we do know that he safely reached Amherst and delivered his dispatches, as, also, that he attended that General as a volunteer in his Lake Champlain Expedition. That being concluded, he proceeded to Williamsburg, Virginia, arriving there in November, 1759, and was joyfully received by his old friends and associates in arms as one risen from the dead.

The Virginia Assembly, soon as they could convene, resolved that a thousand pounds should be presented him, over and above, from the time of his rendering himself a hostage, as a reward for his zeal to his country and a recompense for the great hardships he had suffered during his confinement in an enemy's country. The House of Burgesses also made an address to the Governor, desiring that he would take him under his especial favor and would promote him in the service, and passed also a motion of thanks for his "singular bravery and courage exerted on all occasions, and that Messrs. Nicholson, Bland and Washington should wait on the Major to return him their thanks for his invaluable services;" to all which Stobo returned a most grateful answer.

This was not all. The Major was now tendered a twelve months' leave, as major of his regiment with full pay, if he should choose to go to England, which generous offer was duly accepted, and early in 1760 he took passage for Europe, with many letters of recommendation from Generals Amherst, Monkton and others. His troubles, however, it seems, were not yet quite over, for when the vessel was about entering the English Channel, she was chased and boarded by a French privateer. Stobo had taken the precaution to put himself in disguise, and to sink his letters many fathoms deep over the vessel's sides. The vessel was rummaged, the passengers were rifled of their watches and valuable property and the vessel released by paying the privateer twenty-five hundred pounds. The Major's share of this redemption money was a hundred and twenty-five pounds. Had the French only known who he was (for by this time the fame of his exploits had traveled far and near) no sum could have secured his release.

The English port of Falmouth was now reached, and as Stobo was drawing on his coat to go on shore, he found, to his great surprise, under the arm-pit, a letter from General Monkton to the great Pitt, which had by some means escaped the fate of the others. He learned, however, that the story of his marvelous adventures had preceded him. On arriving at London he drew up a modest narrative of what he had done and suffered and asked to have a command in his country's service. He was well received by Pitt, who held a long conference with him concerning America and gave him a strong letter to General Amherst, stationed at Boston, in which he signified the King's approbation of Stobo's success, and asked that Amherst as "a particular favor" would give him command in his own or Anstruther's regiment. Armed with this, the Major did not long delay, but in two days sailed back for America.

The memoirs of Stobo, published by Craig, end at this point in his history. We can find no further allusion to him. Washington is said to have made mention of Stobo's being alive and probably residing in London as late as 1771. It is most probable he was there in the English service or had retired on half pay. If alive when the American Revolution broke out, he may not have had it in his heart to aid in oppressing a struggling people for whom he had once endured uncommon hardships, and who in turn had paid him graceful honors.

TAKING A SITUATION.

"Well, girls," said my Uncle Barnabas, "and now what do you propose to do about it?"

We sat around the fire in a disconsolate semi-circle, that dreary, drizzling May night, when the rain pattered against the window panes, and the poor little daffodils in the borders shook and shivered as if they would fain hide their golden heads once more in the mother-soil. My mother, Eleanor, and I. The first, pale and pretty, and silver-haired, with the widow's cap, and her dress of black bombazine and crape, the sweetest looking old lady, I think, that I ever saw. Eleanor sat beside her, looking, as she always did, like a princess, with large dark eyes, Diana-like features, and hair twisted in a sort of coronal around her queenly head. While I, plain home-spun Susannah—commonly called, "for short," Susy—crouched upon a footstool in the corner, my elbows on my knees, and my chin in my hands.

Uncle Barnabas Berkelin sat in the middle of the circle, erect, stiff, and rather grim. He was stout and short, with a grizzled moustache, a little round, bald spot on the crown of his head, and two glittering black eyes that were always sending their dusky lightnings in the direction least expected. Uncle Barnabas was rich and we were poor. Uncle Barnabas was wise in the ways of the world, and we were inexperienced. Uncle Barnabas was prosperous in all he did, while, if there was a bad bargain to be made, we were pretty sure to be the ones to make it. Consequently, and as a matter of course, we looked up to Uncle Barnabas, and reverenced his opinions.

"What do we propose to do about it?" Eleanor slowly repeated, lifting her beautiful jetty brows.

"Yes, that's exactly it," said my mother nervously; "because, brother Barnabas, we don't pretend to be business women, and it's certain that we cannot live comfortably on our present income. Something has got to be done."

And then my mother leaned back in her chair with a troubled face.

"Yes," said Uncle Barnabas, "something must be done. But who's to do it?"

And another dead silence succeeded.

"I suppose your girls are educated?" said Uncle Barnabas. "I know I found enough old school bills when I was looking over my brother's papers."

"Of course," said my mother, with evident pride; "their education has been most expensive. Music, drawing, use of the globes——"

"Yes, yes, of course," interrupted Uncle Barnabas; "But is it practical? Can they teach?"

Eleanor looked dubious. I was quite certain that *I* could not. Madame Lenoir, among all her list of accomplishments, had not included the art of practical tuition.

"Humph!" grunted Uncle Barnabas. "A queer thing, this modern idea of education. Well, if you can't teach, you can surely do something! What do you say, Eleanor, to a situation?"

"A situation?"

The color fluttered in Eleanor's cheeks like pink and white apple blossoms.

"I spoke plain enough, didn't I?" said Uncle Barnabas, dryly. "Yes, a *situation!*"

"What sort of a situation, Uncle Barnabas?"

"Well, I can hardly say. Part servant, part companion to an elderly lady!" explained the old gentleman.

"Oh, Uncle Barnabas, I couldn't do that."

"Not do it? And why not?"

"It's too much—too much," whispered Eleanor, losing her regal dignity in the pressure of the emergency, "like going out to service."

"And that is precisely what it *is!*" retorted Uncle Barnabas, nodding his head. "Service! Why, we're all out at service, in one way or another, in this world!"

"Oh, yes, I know," faltered poor Eleanor, who, between her distaste for the proposed plan and her anxiety not to offend Uncle Barnabas Berkelin, didn't quite know what to say. "But I—I've always been educated to be a lady."

"So you won't take the situation, eh?" said Uncle Barnabas, staring up at a wishy-washy little water color drawing of Cupid and Psyche, an "exhibition piece" of poor Eleanor's, which hung above the chimney piece.

"I couldn't, indeed, sir."

"Wages twenty-five dollars a month," mechanically repeated Uncle Barnabas, as if he were saying off a lesson. "Drive out in the carriage every day with the missus, cat and canary to take care of, modern house, with all the improvements, Sunday afternoons to yourself, and two weeks, spring and fall, to visit your mother."

"No, Uncle Barnabas, no," said Eleanor, with a little shudder. "I am a true Berkelin, and I cannot stoop to menial duties."

Uncle Barnabas gave such a prolonged sniff as to suggest the idea of a very bad cold in his head, indeed.

"Sorry," said he. "Heaven helps those who help themselves, and you can't expect me to be any more liberal minded than Heaven. Sister Rachel," to my mother, "what do *you* say?"

My mother drew her pretty little figure up a trifle more erect than usual.

"I think my daughter Eleanor is quite right," said she. "The Berkelins have always been ladies."

I had sat quite silent, still with my chin in my hands, during all this family discussion, but now I rose up and came creeping to Uncle Barnabas' side.

"Well, little Susy," said the old gentleman, laying his hand kindly on my wrist, "what is it?"

"If you please, Uncle Barnabas," said I, with a rapidly throbbing heart, "I would like to take the situation."

"Bravo!" cried Uncle Barnabas.

"My dear child!" exclaimed my mother.

"*Susannah!*" uttered Eleanor, in accents by no means laudatory.

"Yes," said I. "Twenty-five dollars a month is a great deal of money, and I was never afraid of work. I think I will go to the old lady, Uncle Barnabas. I am sure I could send home at least twenty dollars a month to mother and Eleanor, and then the two weeks, spring and fall, would be so nice! Please, Uncle Barnabas, I'll go back with you when you go. What is the old lady's name?"

"Her name?" said Uncle Barnabas. "Didn't I tell you? It's Prudence—Mrs. Prudence."

"What a nice name!" said I. "I know I shall like her."

"Well, I think you will," said Uncle Barnabas, looking kindly at me. "And I think she will like you. Is it a bargain for the nine o'clock train to-morrow morning?"

"Yes," I answered, stoutly, taking care not to look in the direction of my mother and Eleanor.

"You're the most sensible of the lot," said Uncle Barnabas, approvingly.

But after he had gone to bed in the best chamber, where the ruffled pillow-cases were, and the chintz-cushioned easy-chair, the full strength of the family tongue broke on my devoted head.

"I can't help it," quoth I, holding valiantly to my colors. "We can't starve. Some of us must do something. And you can live very nicely, mother, darling, on twenty dollars a month."

"That is true," sighed my mother from behind her black-bordered pocket-handkerchief. "But I never thought to see a daughter of mine going out to—to service."

"And Uncle Barnabas isn't going to do anything for us, after all," cried Eleanor, indignantly. "Stingy old fellow! I should think he might at least adopt one of us. He's as rich as Cœsus, and never a chick nor a child."

"He may do as he likes about that," I answered, independently. "I prefer to earn my own money."

So the next morning I set out for the unknown bourne of New York life.

"Uncle Barnabas," said I, as the train reached the city, "how shall I find where Mrs. Prudence lives?"

"Oh, I will go there with you," said he.

"Are you well acquainted with her?" I ventured to ask.

"Oh, very well indeed," replied Uncle Barnabas, nodding his head approvingly.

We took a carriage at the depot and drove through so many streets that my head spun around and around like a tee-totum, before we stopped at a pretty brown-stone mansion—it looked like a palace to my unaccustomed eyes—and Uncle Barnabas helped me out.

"Here is where Mrs. Prudence lives." said he, with a chuckle.

A neat little maid, with a frilled white apron and rose-colored ribbons in her hair, opened the door with a courtesy, and I was conducted into an elegant apartment, all gilding, exotics and blue satin damask, when a plump old lady, dressed in black silk, with the loveliest Valenciennes lace at throat and wrists, came smilingly forward, like a sixty-year old sunbeam.

"So you've come back, Barnabas, have you," said she; "and brought one of the dear girls with you. Come and kiss me, my dear."

"Yes, Susy, kiss your aunt," said Uncle Barnabas, flinging his hat one way and his gloves another, as he sat complacently down on the sofa.

"My aunt?" I echoed.

"Why, of course," said the plump old lady. "Don't you know? I'm your Aunt Prudence."

"But I thought," gasped I, in bewilderment, "that I was coming to a situation!"

"Well, so you are," retorted Uncle Barnabas. "The situation of adopted daughter in my family. Twenty-five dollars a month pocket money—the care of Aunt Prudence's cat and canary! And to make yourself generally useful!"

"Oh! uncle," cried I, "Eleanor would have been so glad to come if she had known it!"

"Fiddlestrings and little fishes!" illogically responded my Uncle Barnabas. "I've no patience with a girl that's too fine to work. Eleanor had the situation offered her, and she chose to decline. You decided to come, and here you stay! Ring the bell, Prue, and order tea, for I'm as hungry as a hunter, and I dare say little Susy here would relish a cup of tea!"

And this was the way I drifted into my luxurious home. Eleanor in the country cottage envies me bitterly, for she has all the tastes which wealth and a metropolitan home can gratify. But Uncle Barnabas will not hear of my exchanging with her.

"No, no!" says he. "The girl I've got is the girl I mean to keep. Miss Eleanor is too fine a lady to suit me."

But he lets me send them liberal presents every month, and so I am happy.

From the Philadelphia Presbyterian.

From the World's Dispensary Printing Office and Bindery, Buffalo, N. Y., we have received "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, in plain English; or Medicine Simplified," by R. V. Pierce, M. D., Counsellor-in-Chief of the Board of Physicians and Surgeons at the World's Dispensary. Whoever helps humanity in its struggle with its inherent weaknesses and diseases, to *bear* or *cure*, is its benefactor. Ignorance is not only of itself a cause of disease and mortality, but it is the enemy of every effort to cure or mitigate. Nothing will so speedily remove this cause as knowledge (an elementary one at least) of the diseases to which we are heir, as well as those superinduced by our own imprudence. Dr. Pierce has rendered, in our judgment, a benefactor's service, both to the afflicted and to the profession. In his diagnosis of the diseases treated of, and in the presentation of the philosophic principles involved in their cause and removal. He is sparing of remedies, and usually prescribes such as are safe in unskilled hands. As a book merely of abstract knowledge, it is exceedingly readable and interesting, especially the following subjects: Cerebral Physiology, Human Temperaments, Pseudo-Hygiene, the Nursing of the Sick, Sleep, Food, Ventilation, etc. In one chapter on another subject, so delicate in its nature that it is shut up beyond the domain of warning to all but physicians, so accursed in its results in modern society, he is most explicit, and alike true to God, to virtue, to life and to society, shows the truth as presented in the teachings of Scripture—that life begins with conception—with great force, to which is added faithful warnings.

Price of the Medical Adviser **$1.50**, sent post-paid. Address the author at Buffalo, New York.

THERE is no trouble congenial companionship cannot soften, no joy it cannot increase. The poorest dwelling, the most meagre fare, shared with people whose thoughts are one's own, who catch one's meaning at once, and enjoy the same things, is better than all the luxuries the world can give, shared by those who are delighted by what bores us, and when we are delighted are unutterably bored.

RECEIPTS.

TO REMOVE paint splashed upon window-panes, use hot solution of soda, and a soft flannel.

TO clean a browned porcelain kettle, boil peeled potatoes in it. The porcelain will be rendered nearly as white as when new.

AVOID wearing heavy overcoats or furs for hours in succession; the tendency is to weaken the powers of resistance of the wearer, leaving him liable to inflammation of the throat and lungs.

NEW ROPE may be made pliable by boiling it in water for a couple of hours. Its strength is not diminished but its stiffness is gone. It must hang in a warm room until thoroughly dried, and must not be allowed to kink.

TO MIXED CHINA.—Take a piece of flint glass, beat it to a fine powder, and grind it extremely fine on a painter's stone with the white of an egg, and it joins china without riveting, so no art can break it in the same place. This may be done in a mortar, if a suitable stone is not to be had.

THE sovereign remedy for stains from gall-nut ink and ironmould is a solution of one part of oxalic acid in ten parts of hot water. Dip the stain in this solution, and after a few minutes it will disappear. Afterwards rinse the spot in a solution of soda to kill the acid, and to restore the color if affected.

MODE of cleaning glass which gives it great brilliancy: Take finely powdered indigo, dip into it a moistened linen rag, smear over the glass with it, and then wipe it off with a perfectly dry cloth. As a substitute for this, fine sifted ashes, applied by a rag dipped in spirits, will answer as well. Spanish white is apt to make the glass rough and injure it.

TO MEND OLD PAILS.—Cut an old boot leg or a strip of harness leather to proper sizes, punch holes through the upper part, which will hold the ball firmly, and then tack on the leather to each side of the pail. If the ball is lost, an old piece of rope will do good service. Firkins can be made by this simple contrivance into most useful pails. "A penny saved is a penny earned."

To withstand mud and water two or three inches deep, for ten hours a day for a week, without feeling any dampness or having any difficulty in getting your boots on or off, give the bottoms a good coating of tallow and tar, and drr it in; then oil the uppers with castor oil—about one tablespoonful will be sufficient. The effect of castor oil is to soften the leather, while it fills the pores and prevents the water from entering.

HOW TO MAKE A GOOD SERVANT.—Let the mistress of the house take two pounds of the very best self-control, a pound and a half of patience, a pound and a half of justice, a pound of consideration, and a pound of discipline. Let this be sweetened with charity, let it simmer well, and let it be taken in daily or (in extreme cases) in hourly doses, and be kept always on hand. Then the domestic wheel will run quite smoothly.

FOR SPRAINS OR BRUISES.—Take one pint of lard oil, half a pound of stone-pitch, half a pound of beeswax, and half a pound of beef-tallow, boil together for half an hour, remove the scum, pour the liquid into cups. When needed spread upon coarse cloth, or, what is best, on kid, and apply to the sprain or bruise. As it entirely excludes the air it will give quick relief. It acts like splints on a sprained ankle or wrist. It is as good for cattle, horses, and dogs as for human beings.

TO cure badly-shutting windows, cover the bottom of the sash with fresh putty, chalk the corresponding face of the frame, shut down the window fast, and leave it long enough for the putty to harden. The fresh putty will accommodate itself to any inequalities, and harden into a permanent close-fitting joint, any excess being pressed out between the sash and the frame. The chalk on the latter will prevent the putty adhering to it, and so interfering with the reopening of the window.

WE have ourselves tried Dobbins' Electric Soap (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia), and find it the best, purest and most economical soap we have ever seen. Too much cannot be said in its favor. Try it.

ITEMS of INTEREST.

— Banging the hair prevails among the women of China, and it indicates that the "banger" is on the lookout for a husband.

— Six British frigates now at the East Indies will shortly leave for the Mediterranean via the Suez Canal.

— Dr. Robinson, of Port Jarvis, New York, proposes to exhibit a flying machine at the Centennial, enabling one to travel one hundred miles an hour.

— The Russians are beginning to turn their attention to the advantage of connecting St. Petersburg with China by means of a telegraph across Siberia.

— Philadelphia is the second port in the Republic, in the export trade. New York is first, San Francisco third, Boston fourth, Baltimore fifth, and New Orleans sixth.

— An enterprising American in Paris is said to be trying to engage Salvini, Rossi, Ristori, and Janauschek to perform together in this country during the Centennial.

— Brigham Young has begun the erection of a massive stone wall around ten square rods of soil, wherein are to be buried himself and the choice lights of his family.

— The annual statistical report issued last month shows that in the Lowell Mills there are 899,600 spindles and 17,500 looms, and there are 10,500 female and 7,000 male operatives.

— Fifteen experimental soundings in the Straits of Dover failed to prove the impossibility of boring a tunnel from France to England. The project is regarded as only a matter of time and money.

— Japan has abolished harikari as a method of punishment and the vindication of personal honor, caste is no longer enforced, and the shaving of heads is discontinued by the most enlightened citizens.

— The Legislature of California has enacted a law which allows every citizen who will plant trees and maintain them for three years, a deduction from his taxes of $1 for each tree so planted.

— Nevada has passed a law forbidding any person practising as a physician in that State who has not practised medicine there for five years, or does not hold a diploma from an established medical college.

— In France the average salary of workmen (without board or lodging) is sixty-eight cents; in Germany, Italy and Switzerland, thirty-eight cents; in England, eighty-three cents, living being thirty per cent. dearer than in France.

— Chock Wong, one of the editors of a Chinese paper at San Francisco, has declared his intention of taking out naturalization papers in the United States District Court, which will test the question of the right of Mongolians to become citizens.

— The saddest Christmas story of the year comes from Switzerland. The people of a village were assembled in the schoolhouse for their Christmas festivities, when the floor gave way and eighty persons are reported killed and fifty more or less injured.

— An English Scientific Commission is about proceeding to Peru to examine into the internal resources of the country. The only drawback to such an excursion is that the internal resources are apt to develop into a lively earthquake, and shake the English Commission into the moon.

— A Chinaman's burial outfit comprises, besides the casket, a fan placed in one hand, a silk handkerchief in the other, a piece of money in his mouth, with more ready at hand, and three packs of cards. That was the way they fixed up a dead Celestial at Virginia, Nevada, the other day for his voyage to China land.

$50,000 WILL BE PAID FOR ANY remedy which will cure Chronic Rheumatism, Pains in the Limbs, Back and Chest, Sore Throat, Insect Stings, Croup, Dysentery, Colic, Sprains and Vomiting, quicker than Dr. Tobias' Venetian Liniment, established in 1847; never fails. Sold by the Druggists. Depot, 10 Park Place, N. Y.

Youth and Beauty

Is the envy of every lady, and delight of gentlemen. Ladies who are not blessed by nature can very much improve their beauty by using Geo. W. Laird's "Bloom of Youth." It will remove all blemishes from the skin, leaving it perfectly beautiful. Sold at all druggists in the United States.

Depot, 5 Gold Street, New York. Price 75 cents.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1821
FOUNDED AUG 4TH A.D.
1821

Saturday Evening, Jan. 22, 1876.

NOTICE.

For the convenience of agents, advertisers, and others having business with this paper, and to enable us to fill all orders promptly, we have established agencies in the following cities:

Chicago—76 *Dearborn St.*,
Walter Burnham, Manager.
Pittsburgh—198 *Penn Ave.*,
C. C. Dunnells, Manager.
Boston—45 *Franklin St.*,
Geo. A. Fozcroft, Jr., Manager.
New York—292 *Broadway*,
E. H. Tinker, Manager.
St. Louis—619 *North Fifth St.*,
J. W. Marsh, Manager.
London, Ont.—71 *West Dundas St.*,
J. M. Chute & Co., Gen. Agents.

DUTY THE AIM AND END OF LIFE.

There is much in life that, while in this state, we can never comprehend. There is, indeed, a great deal of mystery in life—much that we see "as in a glass darkly." But though we may not apprehend the full meaning of the discipline of trial through which the best have to pass, we must have faith in the completeness of the design of which our little individual lives form a part.

We have each to do our duty in that sphere of life in which we have been placed. Duty alone is true; there is no true action but in its accomplishment. Duty is the end and aim of the highest life; the truest pleasure of all is that derived from the consciousness of its fulfillment. Of all others, it is the one that is most thoroughly satisfying, and the least accompanied by regret and disappointment. In the words of George Herbert, the consciousness of duty performed "gives us music at midnight."

And when we have done our work on earth—of necessity, of labor, of love, or of duty—like the silk-worm that spins its little cocoon and dies, we too depart. But, short though our stay in life may be, it is the appointed sphere in which each has to work out the great aim and end of his being to the best of his power; and when that is done, the accidents of the flesh will affect but little the immortality we shall at last put on:

"Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
Half that we have
Unto an honest, faithful grave;
Making our pillows either down or dust!"

BUSINESS WOMEN.

The idea still prevails, though not to so great an extent as it used to, that women have no concern with business affairs, and that business habits and qualifications relate to men only. There never was a greater mistake made, we need hardly say. To possess a capacity for business is not only compatible with true womanliness, but it is in a measure indispensable to the comfort and well-being of every properly governed family. The management of a family and household is as much a matter of business as the management of a store or an office, and requires method, accuracy, organization, industry, economy, discipline, tact, knowledge, and capacity for adapting means to ends.

All this is of the essence of business; and hence business habits are as necessary to be cultivated by women who would succeed in the affairs of home—in other words, who would make home happy—as by men in the affairs of trade, of commerce, or of manufacture.

Method, which is the soul of business, is of essential importance in the home. Work can only be got through by method. Muddle flies before it, and hugger-mugger becomes a thing unknown. Method demands punctuality, another eminently business quality. The unpunctual woman, like the unpunctual man, occasions dislikes, because she consumes and wastes time, and provokes the reflection that we are not of sufficient importance to make her more prompt. To the business man time is money; but to the business woman, method is more—it is peace, comfort and domestic prosperity.

No matter under what circumstances, every battle in life that is worth gaining is fought up-hill and against odds. Just before the battle of Ohod, a council was held by Mahomet.. "Shall we retire to Medena, and let the women and children help us to fight? Our forces may be insufficient." "No," said the young men, "let us have a fair fight and an open field." On the sword of that remarkable Moslem was engraven: "Fear and want of conscience bring disgrace; forward lies honor; cowardice saves no man from his fate." A lasting impress has he left on the world's history, and yet he started out in life with a sack of barley, a hand-mill and a pound of butter.

The heart of man seeks for sympathy, and each of us craves a recognition of his talents and his labors; but this craving is in danger of becoming morbid unless it be constantly kept in check by calm reflection on its vanity, or by dwelling upon the very different and far higher motives which ought to actuate us. That man has fallen into a pitiable state of moral sickness in whose eyes the good opinion of his fellow-men is a test of merit, and their applause the principal reward for exertion.

"NIL DESPERANDUM."

BY WALTER BROWN.

Look up, desponding heart, and grow not weary
Of waiting for the turn of Fortune's tide,
For though to-day the sky be dark and dreary,
Behind the clouds the sun doth surely ride.

Rock not the broken lance in Life's hard battle,
But keep your armor bright and try again;
Keep in the van, nor heed the din and rattle—
Who shirks the struggle merits but disdain.

Press onward, and ne'er heed the rebuffs recurring—
The prize, when gained, is sweeter for the strife;
Hope's pulse, though sometimes slow and faintly stirring,
Ne'er ceases while the heart responds with life.

"Nil desperandum." Though to-day defeated,
To-morrow's aim may reach the wished-for mark;
The sun, when unexpected, oft is greeted
By tearful eyes that sorrow in the dark.

And though the heart be ever madly yearning
For peace ungained as yet, be this your balm—
No lane so long but somewhere hath a turning—
No storm so fierce but heralds in the calm.

THE SOFTBOY PAPERS.

NUMBER I.

FLASHINGTON SOFTBOY TO THE EDITOR.

My Dear Editor:—I have been told that your publication is well received in fashionable circles.

Now, I am a fashionable man, a "swell," as it were—one of those fellows, you know, that all the other fellows try to be like, and can't. They are not "native and born to that sort of thing." This last, I quote from Shakespeare; you recognize the quotation, of course. I *do*, occasionally, quote from Shakespeare.

Now, would your artists and the people about your establishment like to see me? I am, probably, not the first man of fashion that they have seen in full bloom; but they have never seen *me*. I only show at certain hours and in certain places in the daytime. My mind confines itself to questions of the toilet—the "get up," you know—for some hours out of the twenty-four, and after a strain of that sort, you see, it is a sacrifice to walk even a block; but if you wish it, my dear editor, I will pace slowly by your place and let your artists "take me in." Only, don't let them all rush out at once.

It occurred to me that you, ere this, had probably heard of me as *the* swell of this city, and that you might like to hear my views and opinions. They are decidedly fashionable. I club at the "Concentrated Cream," which my papa founded. Everything else in the way of clubs is mere condensed milk in comparison.

I send you my photograph herewith. Don't publish it. I think that you will scarcely deny that there is a look of mind about me. Not that *mind* is anything in comparison to fashion—of course not. I also send one of my last style monogram-handkerchiefs, and a plaster-cast of my hand. I wear ladies' sevens. My foot is being modelled; with reference to that point you shall hear from me. My family crest is a soaring eagle, field azure, props argent. Cynical Sneerby, one of us, says it is a bantam chicken trying to soar over a fence: and adds, habitually, "Softboy, my lad, I should think that coat-of-arms of yours would be a sore subject altogether. It isn't the real thing." Such is Sneerby's little way.

I call my little contribution to your publication, the Softboy papers. My name, my dear editor, will carry anything along, from a small and select picnic to a mighty masquerade; and if you don't clinch this thing and jump at your chance, now that you have it, you'll make a mistake, that's all. I propose to lift the curtain of the fashionable world and let the public know—and the public take your paper, there's no denying that, which fact leads me to select it as a medium for my revelations—what we do in our circles; our little ways; our "manners and customs," and all that.

Now the women and girls of our set, you know. Between ourselves, my dear editor, what humbugs the dear souls are. I should like you to see Miss Lulu Dazzleton, for example—one of our *belles*—before she gets herself up, ready for the *ring*, as Sneerby has it. Why, she enamels! You don't know what that is? Well, I'll tell you. It is a liquid, and comes in bottles. Generally, there is a picture of the former Empress of the French upon the labels, "as who should say she did it," as it were. It is white, or rosy, or pearly, as you may desire. Of course, I don't mean you, yourself, individually, but the purchaser. Tell it when I see it? Well, yes. I could tell it half a mile off. It has a pasty appearance, and, between ourselves, the women that use it don't know enough to put it on their eyelids, as they do on the stage, and there's where we have them. There's a decided line around the eye, don't you see? Sneerby says, "You must draw a line somewhere, you know," but I have heard Sneerby make the self-same remark about Miss Goldby's low-necked dress!

Miss Lulu Dazzleton, after enameling, then touches her otherwise very pretty cheek with *rouge imperceptible*—so called, probably, because there's no mistaking it when you've seen it once, and see it you cannot help but do. As they do on the stage, you will remark. Yes, exactly—no, not exactly, for *they* know how; Miss Lulu does *not*. She can't come it. *I* can tell it half across the room. Sneerby says *he* can, and I know lots of other chaps of fashion who say the same. Can't take *us* in. Oh, no! And it's outrageous, isn't it? These things "come home" to every man—sometimes *in boxes*.

I once ventured to remark to Miss Lulu, whom I have known from childhood's sunny hour, that if I were in her place, I wouldn't be so very decided about this thing. Instead of touching up I'd *tone down*, you know—"Raphaelise," as Sneerby has it. But no; Lulu simply yawned with great beauty and freedom of expression, and said, "Oh, everybody does it in our set, my dear Mr. Softboy, everybody; and if people shouldn't believe in my *complexion*, you know, well, I can fall back upon my hair and features."

What do you think of that? As an editor and as a man, I ask you. Her features! That's all very well, for they are beautiful, though I should think that falling back upon them would be calculated to mar their symmetry. But her hair! Well, I know where it was bought, and I would remark to Lulu, calmly and dispassionately—I don't *want* to quarrel—that there is a degree of improbability about the tint which she has caused it to adopt, which would make a trappist roar. Lemon color! Now does it look likely that any one would have hair the color of a lemon? And that she calls "blonde." And I happen to know that she has very nice hair of her own without all the rest, and of a *probable* dark brown.

Then her figure! What an amount of falsehood there is about that, now! I know that even a dromedary would not be bustled up to such an extent. Nature made Miss Lulu Dazzleton rather on the weeping-willow pattern—without the weep—and she insists upon rivalling the Venus of what's-her-name, by that Greek chap, whom you've probably heard of.

Oh, for an unenamelled woman, without rouge or false hair, bustleless and unpadded! Ideal being, idol of my dreams, *real* girl, where are you? Come, and let us immediately hire "a lodge in some vast wilderness!" Where are you? Not in fashionable society, answers echo. No, nor likely to be.

These are the things, my dear editor, which have planted the premature wrinkle between my thoughtful brows—seamed my forehead with painful thought. This it is that has set a thorn, as it were, upon my path, and cast a shade—I trust becoming—of melancholy upon my manly countenance. This world is too unreal! The dreams of youth fade into the still-receding distance. Girls of shocking unreality fill the advancing foreground. All is hollow!

This last passage probably strikes you as fine. Fine! I should think so. But that is nothing to what I *can* do. There is a deep, inscrutable, underlying vein of poetry in my nature, which even fashion itself, has been powerless to obliterate. I show that in my choice of food. This may strike you as strange, but is not a *mayonnaise a la soubise* thrown away upon a coarse and unrefined nature? Who eats the delicate *meringue?* Why we people *of fashion*, and, as in *my* case, of feeling. I know—that is, I have heard—of men who dine without *soupe a la Regence*, finger-bowls, or wine, but I would not trust them. We have nothing in common. I ask you, what can they be?

To return to Miss Lulu Dazzleton. Her designs upon yours truly are too glaringly apparent. She *singles me out;* that I feel sensible of, and I look upon it as sensible of her, and her conversational powers are very fine.

As, for instance, the other night, *I* said that I admired Shelley. "That's the one that wrote E-pip-sychi-di-on," said she, "ain't it?" *Epipsychidion*, instead of Ppi-psy-chi-dion! How did *you* come to know how to pronounce the word? you may pleasantly remark. Well, Sneerby told *me*, but I should have guessed it without him. You've no idea of *my depth*, and you won't have till you know me better. You see, *I* had the laugh on Lulu.

She blushed, and smiled, and showed her pretty teeth—*they* are real, I'm happy to say—and said, "Oh, thank you, Mr. Softboy, for telling me. Why you are getting to be quite learned yourself, ain't you? Who would have thought it?"

Sneerby, within earshot—as he usually is, I have observed, when I "interview" Lulu—smiled like a sardonic hyena.

Then there's another thing that I have omitted to mention before—Lulu's eyes. Why, tell me why, does she put that black streak—they call it "penciling" in our set—underneath them? Are they not large and lustrous enough, without all that? I should say they were, if I were asked, as I don't presume I shall be. If you ask her—which, of course, you could not, unless you were intimate like myself—why she does it, she would giggle, and wriggle, and say, "Oh, Flora Fastby, and Lola Hantton, and Gertrude Gushington all do it, why shouldn't I? It's the fashion."

It's too funny, but Lulu thinks that Tennyson wrote the Corsair. Good, ain't it? Now Sneerby says he'll bet I thought so, too, till he told me that Byron was the man. That's Sneerby, all over.

It's awfully pretty to watch Miss Lulu when she's bringing down her bird. Her mother—"Dazzleton Dowager," as we Concentrated Creams call her—will say, "Lulu, I will now introduce you to Mr. Coupon, the banker. Very rich, my love, and I wish you to be particularly kind to him." Off she goes, and toddles back with Coupon.

Then Lulu does the drooping-eyelash business, the melting-gaze business, the pensive-languor business, the animation business, the deeply-interested business, the mournfully-sentimental business, till poor Coupon's intellect—he has never met Lulu till now—is completely muddled. She is at it now with Coupon, who will probably propose, and that's what the family want, d'ye see.

It was one of Lulu's victims who said, when the hostess asked to introduce him to Lulu, "Well, I don't mind looking her over if you don't mind looking her up."

Let me pause to observe that this chap, Languid Stunnington by name, had just returned from abroad.

The hostess hunted Lulu up, told her the little story, and Lulu actually *went with her* to Stunnington. She danced with him. When she had ended that graceful performance, she called out to the hostess, "Here he is; I've looked him over. Just come and take him off my hands."

Stunnington lets Lulu alone. He has to. The story got about. He says to us, in the strictest confidence, that she's a simpleton; but we know better than that, and so does he.

I think, myself, that a season or two will give Miss Lulu a certain tone. She is young yet, quite so—seventeen. I shouldn't care to say too many ugly things about a girl with a tongue like hers in her head. She might retaliate, if she happened to hear of it, and show the chap up; and that would be decidedly bad, you know, particularly at the beginning of the season, for an awful little story, like Stunnington's, for instance, will stick to a fellow like a burr, all winter.

Truly and Fashionably yours,
FLASHINGTON SOFTBOY,
Concentrated Cream Club.

Disappointment is the lot of mortality. This is an old saying, and to some extent it expresses the experience of every human being. There is no one in whose life some morning of sunshine and brightness has not proved the opening of a day overcast with clouds, and perhaps made gloomy and terrific with storms.

THE GATHERING TOGETHER AND ONWARD MARCH OF A GREAT REPUBLIC.

BY A. H. WHARTON.

PART III.

Although the Spanish had first settled the southern shores of the United States, and claimed the coast as far north as Newfoundland, their colony at St. Augustine did not increase, and no further efforts were made by them toward colonization.

The eyes of England were now directed toward a land, which had been interesting to her navigators from the hour that Cabot had planted her standard on our soil, and claimed it as the possession of that country, thus dimly foreshadowing the domination of the powerful Anglo Saxon race, which was destined to increase and strengthen with the advancing years until the whole continent should be gathered into its grasp.

Under the Henries, Seventh and Eighth, several voyages were made to the New World, and even Mary, narrow-minded and intolerant, was powerless to check the passion for maritime adventure awakened in her subjects by the glowing reports brought home by the Spanish sailors of the wealth of the land beyond the sea.

Under Elizabeth decided encouragement was given to exploration and colonization. Cabot had ever maintained the possibility of a north-west passage by which the Indies might be reached—at that time the goal of commerce—and then and there began the search after that remote sea path that has cost the world so many valuable lives and uncounted treasure.

Martin Frobisher, a navigator of the sixteenth century, esteemed the discovery of this passage the only thing of the world, that was yet left undone, by which a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate. With a singular oneness of purpose, he set about accomplishing this feat, "hoping against hope," and rising superior to failure and disappointment. Others followed Frobisher, not to discover a path to the Indies through the Polar Sea, but to find heaps of earth with which, supposing it to be gold, they loaded their vessels.

Sir Humphrey Gilbert, undazzled by the tales told of the unclaimed wealth of these cold regions, formed sensible plans for colonization, in which he was aided by Sir Walter Raleigh, his step-brother.

Over no history do we linger with more interest than that of Raleigh, whom, in our school days, we only thought of as the gay and gallant courtier throwing down his beautiful cloak to save the Queen's dainty slippers from the mud in her pathway. Later we read of him as the statesman, soldier, patriot and scholar, combining in his person and character so many gifts, that we are dazzled b the picture.

From among the brilliant galaxy that illumined the reign of Elizabeth, Cecil, Bacon, Gilbert, Spenser and Shakespeare, no name shines forth with more lustre than that of Raleigh, who was ever ready to turn from deeds of daring in the Queen's service to expend energy, wealth and influence upon expeditions to the New World, all to gain ultimate glory and treasure for the crown. With his own enthusiasm he was able to inspire others, for one fleet after another was fitted out and sent forth to meet with unheard of difficulties and final failure. In one of the first of these, under command of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, that skilled and intrepid seaman perished.

Sir Walter Raleigh, undaunted by ill success and the sad fate of his step-brother, fitted out another expedition, this one to form a colony in milder regions. After ranging the coast for one hundred and twenty miles, the English landed on the Island of Trocoken, and after exploring Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds and Roanoke Island, returned to England, carrying two of the natives with them, and giving so glowing a description of the fertility of the country, the gentleness of the inhabitants, the mildness of the climate, and the smoothness of the sea, which they had only tried under soft July skies, that the people were filled with enthusiasm, and Elizabeth, overjoyed with her new acquisition, named it Virginia.

Other companies followed these, remaining for a time, then growing weary, finding that even in this New World Paradise, life was not free from hardship and privation, they returned to their native land. Still the far-seeing mind of Raleigh, realizing the glory and benefit to accrue to England from such a settlement, was loth to relinquish the undertaking. Wisely judging that emigrants who would till the fertile soil, would be more successful than those whose only idea was to wrest from it the gold that it did not contain, Sir Walter Raleigh fitted out an agricultural colony. This, under command of John White, was instructed to enter the Chesapeake Bay, and there found "The City of Raleigh," instead of this the colonists landed on Roanoke Island. From many causes, principally from inadequate supplies, the colony languished, and yielding to the importunity of the settlers, White returned to England to lay their necessities before their patron.

For once Raleigh had to turn a deaf ear to the appeal of the colony, as the Queen was gathering all her available forces to meet the advance of the Invincible Armada, and not until the Spanish fleet had been scattered, wrecked and destroyed, could he once more turn his attention to the American settlement, which was ever uppermost in his thoughts. With all his endeavors, supplies came too late; but these emigrants, unlike those who preceded them, remained on the soil, either finding graves in the land of their adoption; or having been received into some of the native tribes. History throws no light upon this subject, for when White returned, after an absence of more than two years, the Island of Roanoke was a desert, and his daughter and grand-daughter, the first child born of English parents in the United States, were nowhere to be found. They, with all the other colonists had disappeared. Thus ended this final attempt, on the part of Raleigh, to found a colony on our shores—so good in its conception, so unfortunate in its results!

Broken down in health, saddened by the defeat of his hopes and the death of his eldest son, Sir Walter Raleigh returned to England to meet, at the hands of James First, as a reward for his long and faithful services to the crown, an unjust accusation, subsequent imprisonment, and a violent death. Thus, robbed of his fortune and his honors, perished Raleigh, the friend of Spenser, the pupil of Coligny, the large hearted and generous encourager of American colonization.

LITERARY CURIOSITIES.

Pliny asserts that the Iliad of Homer had been written on a piece of parchment, so small as to be enclosed in a nutshell. Huet, although skeptical, made an experiment which convinced him that it was possible, although others may still doubt. He tells us that a piece of vellum ten inches long and eight wide, can be put in the shell of a large walnut. On this he considers it possible to write in a single line thirty verses of the Iliad, and to squeeze 250 lines in a single page. The two sides of the leaf would hold the 15,000 verses of Homer's poem. A line of Iliad contains about thirty letters, hence 900 letters would have to be written in every line, which, if not beyond the bounds of possibility, is beyond those of probability.

Charlotte Bronte's small writing contains twenty letters to the linear inch, and she put 17 lines into an inch. This would give nearly 2000 verses of Homer in the space that Huet considers can be made to hold 15,000. Elian records that a Lacedemonian artist wrote in letters of gold a posy of two verses, enclosed in the rind of a grain of corn.

Peter Bales, a celebrated and irascible writing master, is said to have written a minute copy of the Bible, each leaf containing the same matter as a page of the great Bible. The entire book was enclosed in a walnut not larger than a hen's egg. The British Museum is said to contain a portrait of Queen Anne, a little larger than a hand in size, but the lines of the drawing are formed of very small writing, and contain the contents of a small folio volume.

Passing from writing to printing, one of the smallest books ever produced, is an octavo entitled, "The Bible in Miniature (sic), or a Concise History of the Old and New Testaments, London, printed for E. Newbury, corner of St. Paul's Churchyard, 1780." It extends to 256 pages, is strongly bound, and adorned with execrable steel engravings. A single page, taken at random, is found to contain 21 words, or 105 letters. The page measures 1⅛ inch, about an inch being occupied by the text. This small book, on a great subject, is exceeded in infinitesimalness by a literary pigmy blushing in its thirty-second edition. "Small rain upon the tender herb, Deut. xxxii. 2. Thirty-second edition. London Religious Tract Society, 56 Paternoster Row," is the full title page of a work which may probably claim the designation of the smallest book in the world. It is an octavo of 128 pages, and each page holds some 40 words, or about 140 letters. It measures a shade over 1¼ inch.

If we take as a test of smallness the greatest amount of matter compressed into the least space, the palm is probably due to a Bible recently issued at the Oxford press. It measures 4⅞ inches by 2⅞ inches, is about an inch thick, and weighs, when handsomely bound in calf, with silk linings, less than 3½ ounces. Another firm have lately issued a Bible which is only smaller than that just described.

The largest book the world has so far seen is believed to be the work entitled "Specifications of Patents for Inventions," published for many years past under the editorial care of Mr. Bennet Woodcroft, F. R. S. The work is still in course of publication, about ten parts of it appearing daily, or between three and four thousand yearly. Each specification forms a pamphlet stitched in a blue paper cover, illustrated, when necessary, with engravings. Some specifications only cover a single leaf; others are as large as a good-sized volume. If we are to regard that as the smallest book which contains the fewest letters, the palm is probably due to "The Wordless Book," which, after the title-page, does not contain a single word. This "book" consists of ten pages. The first is the title page and front cover, the tenth forming the other cover; the second and the third pages are black as an "Ethiop's arm;" the fourth and fifth are red as a rose; the sixth and seventh are virgin white; the eighth and ninth are shining gold. The entire work is a religious allegory, devised by some enthusiastic Evangelical, the black symbolizing the unregenerate heart of man; the red indicating the Redemption; the white portraying the condition of the heart after it has been "plunged beneath that flood," and the golden felicity with which the book ends being the symbol alike of earthly and celestial joy.

The Saturday Evening Post, the oldest family paper in America—the first number having been issued August 4, 1821—is a first-class journal, having kept pace with the times, and the publishers, Reed, Wickersham & Co., promise to their thousands of readers the coming year that it cannot be excelled. The brilliant array of contributors secured would indicate there is no idle boast in the above promise. A splendid chromo, 19x25—DeSoto, or the Discovery of the Mississippi—copied from the celebrated painting in the dome of the National Capitol at Washington, is given to each subscriber, while the terms for one year—including chromo, mounted, only $3.50—without chromo, $3.—*Clinton Republican, Lock Haven, Pa., Nov. 24.*

How Men Should Treat Women.—A Persian poet gives the following instruction upon this important subject: "When thou art married, seek to please thy wife; but listen not to all she says. From a man's right side a rib was taken to form the woman, and never was there seen a rib quite straight. And would'st thou straighten it? It breaks, but bends not. Since, then, 'tis plain that crooked is woman's temper, forgive her faults and blame her not; nor let her anger thee, nor coercion use, as all is vain to straighten what is curved."

The Saturday Evening Post is one of the old reliable literary weeklies of this country. It will enter upon its fifty-sixth volume during the Centennial year, and judging from its long list of able contributors, will be more interesting than ever.—*Tribune, New Lexington, Ohio, Dec. 23.*

The Saturday Evening Post is one of the best weekly papers ever published, and while giving much light reading matter, is entirely free from the sensationalism which characterizes so many sheets as to render them a nuisance in a household.—*Gazette, Lewistown, Mifflin Co., Pa., Dec. 15.*

We call attention to the prospectus of the Saturday Evening Post in this issue. The Post is one of the best papers of its kind published, and it should have many subscribers in this section.—*Anoka County Union, Anoka, Minn.*

CENTENNIAL NEWS.

Among the California exhibits at the Centennial will be a building constructed of pine cones.

The Venetian glass company are at present engaged in preparing thirty-eight cases of their beautiful glassware to be placed on exhibition.

A New Yorker in England proposes to exhibit at the Centennial a fac-simile of the house in which Shakspeare was born; it will be of the same size and material as the original.

There will be at least 1,200 French exhibitors at the Centennial, two-thirds of whom are Parisian merchants. Thirty thousand articles of merchandise will be forwarded to the Exhibition.

A delegation of poultry exhibitors were in town recently, and, in behalf of that interest in America and Europe, asked for an exhibiting space of five or six acres, proposing to display at least five thousand cages or coops. They desire their exhibition to continue from the 15th of next May until the 1st of July.

There has just been received at the Centennial headquarters, in this city, through the Most Rev. Archbishop Wood, a formal acceptance by Pope Pius IX of an invitation by the Centennial authorities requesting his Holiness to give his recognition to the enterprise by contributing to the Exposition works of art from the galleries of the Vatican, or from the workshops over which he still has control.

The chair occupied by George Washington as Worshipful Master of the Masonic lodge at Alexandria, Va., is now in the possession of Unanimity Lodge of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, at Edenton, in North Carolina, whither it was sent during the War of 1812 for safe-keeping. It is of massive mahogany, elaborately carved, and a fine specimen of antique furniture. An effort will be made to induce its custodians to allow this memento of the illustrious "man and Mason" to be placed on exhibition at the Centennial.

Machinery Hall has been ready for occupancy for the past six weeks. There is, of course, a great deal to be done in the way of foundations, etc., but these are all to be built by the exhibitors, and much of the floor already laid will have to be taken up to accommodate late comers. In the centre of the transept the Corliss steam engine of 1,400 horse power is now being set, and the Corliss boiler-house is being erected on the south side of the building, just east of the tank. A machine shop for general repairing is also being erected on the west side of the tank.

The contract for supplying marble for the Catholic Memorial Fountain at the Centennial grounds in Philadelphia has been awarded, to cost $75,000. The structure will be composed principally of marble, from the Beaver Dam quarries, in Baltimore county, Md., and in design will be very handsome. It represents Moses as the central figure, smiting a rock, from which gushes forth water, which streams down the side of a high mound upon which he stands into a basin below. Situated upon the four corners of a broad terrace surrounding this will be smaller figures, representing Archbishop John Carroll, Charles Carrollton, Commodore Barry and Father Mathew, and from the pedestal of each will be fountains. The statues will cost $14,000 in gold, and will come from the studios of several of the most distinguished Italian sculptors.

The Women's Centennial Executive Committee has appointed a sub-committee of their number, consisting of Mrs. Aubrey H. Smith, Mrs. Matthew Simpson, and Mrs. Theodore Cuyler, to obtain information concerning the various forms of religious, philanthropic, and patriotic work, organized or conducted by women in America or foreign countries. This will comprehend within its scope hospitals, homes, and asylums of all sorts; mission work in its broadest sense; industrial schools and sisterhoods; the temperance cause, and every other organized form of benevolence. It is proposed, as far as possible, to have a printed report of the rise and progress of such good works, accompanied by a lithograph or other representation in the case of an institution or school. The committee earnestly ask the co-operation of all having charge of any of the above forms of benevolence. They invite them to send to the address of Mrs. Aubrey H. Smith, 1516 Pine street, Philadelphia, at as early a date as possible, a short history of their work; a picture, where it can be so illustrated, or at least one or more yearly reports. They therefore recommend that every charitable association of the class here indicated shall, at their January meeting, take measures to have this work done and forwarded immediately. This is done to enable them to give a bird's-eye view of women's work in these directions at the International Exhibition, and to illustrate the fact that a large proportion of the charities of the world are now conducted by women.

PERSONALITIES.

The Duke of Sutherland owns 1,175,463 acres in Scotland.

Victor Hugo, it is said, has made $700,000 by his pen. Of this amount his plays alone netted $150,000.

The Hon. Alexander H. Stephens calls Mr. Geo. H. Pendleton the "brightest and brainiest man on this continent."

The Hon. George Bancroft predicts that the coming Centennial Exhibition will excel any international exhibition ever before given

The King of Siam has joined the royal list of authors, with a small cyclopædia on Siam statistics of literature, politics, geography and history.

Mr. Chisum, the famous cattle owner of California, whose cattle just now number 80,000 head, employs 100 mounted men to keep the cattle on their ranges.

William Cullen Bryant is said by a correspondent to occasionally indulge in gymnastic exercises, such as raising himself up over the door by his arms; and he is one-and-eighty.

Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, it is now positively asserted, is engaged to be married to Mr. Bradish Johnson Smith, a wealthy New Yorker, of Knickerbocker antecedents. The affair will take place in a few weeks.

The Rev. Canon Duckworth, A. M., who is chaplain to the Prince of Wales' party, is a young and fascinating man, with dark eyes and hair, winning manners, and a soft voice. He was formerly tutor to the younger members of the royal family.

The wish has been expressed that the portrait of Hon. H. Hamlin might be put upon a one cent postage stamp. Then the righteously-indignant people might punch his head every time they sent off a newspaper by mail.

General Fremont, who twenty years ago had "a glorious moustache" and parted his hair in the middle, is now, according to a correspondent, "a little, weazen-faced, dried-up old man, resurrected from his premature grave occasionally only through the name and the letters in print of his accomplished wife."

Count Blanc, the new Italian Minister, is said by a Washington correspondent to have folded her "affectionately to his heart," at a recent german, and whirled her around "at a speed resembling the fast mail train until she was dizzy with delight." The Count should not trifle with the feelings of a Washington correspondent even in a dear *temps*.

The Emperor of Brazil, during his visit to this country to attend the Centennial Exhibition, will be entertained here by the Brazilian Minister. The Marquis of Lorne and his wife, the Princess Louise, who is a daughter of Queen Victoria, will also visit the Centennial Exhibition, and it is intimated that they will be the guests of Sir Edward Thornton, resident British Minister, during their stay in the United States.

Mrs. Louisa M. Alcott may be credited with inventing a new substitute for a speech. She visited the Sorosis the other day and was formally presented to the club by the president as the "most successful woman author in America," and being on her feet, told a little story. She said at Vassar College the girls, as usual, asked for a speech, and when she also, as usual, told them she never had and never intended to make one, they requested that she would place herself in a prominent position and turn around slowly. This she consented to do, and if revolving would satisfy or gratify Sorosis she was willing to "revolve."

Blondin, the famous rope-walker, appears to have been even more fool-hardy than public opinion has credited him with being. A friend who was on the Poonah on her last outward voyage informs the London *World* that Blondin, who was among the passengers on his way to Melbourne, created immense excitement by performing a feat hitherto unattempted even by him. The "hero of Niagara" walked along a rope stretched from the main to the mizzenmast, 120 feet long, at a height of 60 feet. The motion of the engine and the swaying of the vessel made this a difficult operation, especially as the rolling at that great height was much more perceptible than on deck. When Blondin descended to receive the congratulations of those who saw him perform this unique feat he was quivering and perspiring from sheer excitement, and his face was deadly pale; he exclaimed, "Well, I have done it—I knew it was to be done, but I have never attempted anything like it before."

GRIP'S CORNER.

CROAKINGS FOR YOUNG FOLKS.

PERHAPS some of you have heard your grandfathers talk of "Davy Crockett" and of his many quaint sayings and doings of long ago.

Some not very well educated people think he is a myth and that there never was such a man, but they are wrong. Colonel Crockett was a member of Congress over forty years ago, and died, with Colonel Bowie and one hundred and forty-eight other Americans, at the Alamo, in 1836.

The colonel was a man of many oddities, and had many peculiar sayings, which were proverbial some years ago. One of the most famous of these has been well handed down. It is, "First be sure you're right, then go ahead." There is more than a stone sermon in this, and there are none who more carefully remember it than the boys and girls of to-day. I remember some few years ago, as I was flying over a little town in the south of England, I spied a schoolhouse, and as I am fond of the little ones, I dropped down on the open window-sill, and stood there, in the shadow of the shutter, to look in.

A little fellow went up to a great, large black-board, and put down an example given him. He then began to figure and explain, when the teacher said "no." Out went the figures, and a new trial commenced. "No," said the teacher. A little girl now arose and took the chalk. "No," said the teacher. "Yes," said the girl, and went on with the same explanation the little boy had first tried. The teacher smiled. She had tried the two scholars. The boy wasn't sure; the girl was, and went ahead. The teacher then began to tell them about this same Colonel Crockett, of whom she had read; but before she was through, an ill-looking fellow came slowly creeping up to the window, and, thinking that I had better lose what the teacher was saying than be "grip-ped" by such a customer, I left.

FREE SEATS UP STAIRS.—Grip never goes to church. Not because he does not want to praise the great Creator, but because all birds worship best in the great open-air church God has given us; and because, too, Christians, in spite of their knowledge of the Bible, are superstitious, and there would be a terrible commotion in the largest church, were a party of ravens to walk in and take seats. So Grip don't know from his own experience, but a robin, who went once to Grace church, New York—a large and fashionable place of worship—says that while he was waiting for the music to begin, he heard a stranger ask the sexton for a seat, and the sexton asked the stranger if he came in a carriage. Alas, no; he came afoot, and the sexton, when he found out that the poor fellow had walked, told him to take a seat on a bench where he could see nothing and hear less. The robin says that there are other churches—many of them—that send all the poorer class of visitors—those not coming in carriages—up-stairs to the galleries, where the seats are all free.

Mercy on us! If this is so, and Grip should go to one of those churches, where would they put him; for not only would he have to go on foot; or wing, which is the same, but he would have to wear his weekday suit—for, you know, a raven has but one coat. Well, there is one way not to be sent up into the galleries, and that is, do as Grip does, and don't go to these fashionable churches.

N. B.—Does God let the poor people in the free seats up-stairs, worship him with the rest? It would be a pity to have the poor man's prayers go up with those of the rich man, because perhaps they wouldn't mix; and perhaps, too, the poor man's prayers might please God more than the rich man's, even if the rich man did pray from a cushioned seat down-stairs, and the other from a hard bench in the galleries—who knows?

A LITTLE GIRL correspondent writes to know how *old* Grip is. She says, from the way he talks, he must be "awfully old," and she is a little curious to know more about it. Well, my dear little girl, you must go, for this once, without having your curiosity satisfied, for Grip, himself, does not know how old he is. He had a family record once, but, over a hundred years ago, it was stolen by a magpie, and no one ever saw it again, except the magpie. So Grip, who left it altogether to the record, does not know just how old he is, but he can count on his claws, his ancestors, back to the time when the ravens were white. Does this satisfy the little questioner?

Do you ever hear the grown-up folks talking of the scarcity of fruits as compared with the good old times when they were children? All the old folks Grip knows talk just that way; but they seldom hit upon the real cause of the scarcity. Years ago, there were all kinds of fruit in abundance, and the farmers threw open their orchards to the boys—and the birds. There is where the trouble comes in. Then, no one thought of harming the birds, and the little feathered fellows built in the fruit trees, and kept the insects and worms away. Now, even the boys are taught to hunt the birds, and the question is becoming, "will there be any fruit in a hundred years from now?"

WHEN we think of the almost universal use of the umbrella, and the ease with which the article is appropriated by those who have not paid for it, it seems strange that when it was first introduced into England, it met with so poor a reception, that though fifty umbrellas were left lying without anyone to watch them, not one of them would be stolen. Strange, how times and people change.

DON'T let the little ones despair because they are too small to accomplish any good. Joseph Mozart, the great composer, commenced his life-work at the tender age of five, and George Frederick Handel, whose sacred music stands without rivalry, composed music at the age of seven, and his earlier productions are still sung in some of the churches of Germany. Don't crush the little flowers simply because they are small! There are times when the violet is worth more than the sturdy oak.

THE BUBBLE FAIRY.

BY MAGGIE L. S. BURKE.

Little Rolla, blowing bubbles
In the sunlight's golden ray,
Tossed them sparkling, bright and airy,
Close to laughing baby May.
Watching, as they grew yet larger,
Rainbows painting all their light,
Soon he spied a newer wonder,
When he shouted in delight,
"Mamma, see! a tiny fairy
Dwells within this bubble world!"
Then, alas! the bubble bursted
Ere its wings had half unfurled.
Soon he tossed another, watching
Breathless for the blue-eyed sprite,
Saw her golden tresses waving,
While he cried in shrill delight,
"Mamma, quick! Oh, do you see it!
Darling little prisoned fay.
Smiling at me? What a beauty!
Like, yes, mamma, just like May."

* * * * * * *

Time passed on, and Rolla's bubbles
Danced once more where sunbeams fell,
But alone he watched their rainbows.
May had gone with God to dwell.
Long he held his pipe in silence,
With a shadow on his brow,
Ere he dashed it into fragments,
Crying, "It is worthless now!
Mamma, dear, I meant to catch her
For my sister, so like May.
But, alas! she, too, has left me,
Not one bubble brings my fay."

HIS SECOND INHERITANCE!

By FREDERICK TALBOT.

Author of the "Winning Hazard," "Tottie's Fortune," etc.

CHAPTER XII.

MORE HEADS THAN ONE.

Petworth with his niece, had returned to London by the same train as Wilford, and the bustle and stir attending the discovery of the sudden death of the latter had attracted his attention, and he was not long in ascertaining the cause. The news struck him with more concern than one might have anticipated. He was growing elderly himself, and the event came to him perhaps as a warning—an ugly *memento mori* in the midst of all his schemes. He was very thoughtful during the drive home to the hotel where they were staying. He sat silent and absorbed by the fire for half an hour, so that Olivia fancied that he was vexed with her breakdown that day. He had not said a word to her of what had happened to Wilford — there was no use in troubling a young girl with such things.

About seven—an hour before dinner time—he went out, leaving Olivia to her own devices.

"Perhaps I shall bring some one back to dinner with me," he said, as he stood with the half-opened door in his hand.

"All right, papa," said Olivia. "I'll tell the people here; but I am very tired, and shall perhaps have a cup of tea and go to bed."

"I would advise you to sit up for your dinner," said Petworth significantly.

But Olivia thought only of some of Petworth's business friends, and did not look forward to the visit with any particular zest.

Petworth drove straight to Bodley-terrace. Mrs. Brown trembled at the sound of his voice. But he was very affable and condescending, took a seat by her fire, and began to rally her upon her late dissipated career and present look of woe.

"And our young lodger," he went on, "how does he get on? Is he amusing himself as usual about town?"

"Oh, dear no, Robert!" replied Mrs. Brown; "he has hardly stirred out of the house the last two days; poor fellow, he is so cast down. He has been waiting for his dinner ever since six o'clock."

"And it's now nearly eight," said Petworth, looking at his watch. "Well, you take it pretty coolly, I must say."

"Ah," said Mrs. Brown, with a sigh, "adversity has taught me that, or else I think I never could have patience with Jane. Mr. Wilford gave her half-a-crown this morning, and that set her off."

"Ran away, eh?" said Petworth.

"Oh, dear no—set to working. 'I never could take all that money, ma'am,' she said, 'without doing something for it;' and she set to work to clean out the coal cellar, and hasn't finished yet, with everything else at a standstill."

"Extraordinary young person — too much zeal, eh?" said Petworth. "Well, as it happens, I shall most likely take Mr. Wilford to dine with me. Just let him know I'm here. No, never mind ringing the bell for the young woman in the coal-cellar. Trot up yourself and announce me."

Wilford was sitting by a small smouldering fire in a very doleful mood, the victim to profound ennui and depression. Anything to break the current of the dull stream of gloomy thoughts that flowed through his mind — anything was welcome, even a visit from Petworth, with its disagreeable statistical accompaniments. But Petworth to-night was in quite a jovial mood, and said not a word about figures.

"Why, you're getting quite hipped and dull here, my dear fellow; this won't do. Dress yourself, and come dine with me. Everything's ready, and I told my daughter that I would bring you if I could."

Westley consented after a little demur, and went into his room to dress, leaving open the communicating door between the rooms that he might continue his conversation with Petworth.

"I've been down there to-day, Wilford," said Petworth—"down to Fordham, you know."

"Well, and what was going on?" replied Westley, in a tone meant to be indifferent.

"The usual thing at a sale. By the way, your uncle has bought the property."

"Oh, I'm glad of that," said Westley, with a sigh of mortification.

"But at a ridiculous price—a hundred and twenty thousand. Not enough to pay off the first half-dozen mortgages. And as for me, sir, I'm left out in the cold altogether."

"But how did that happen? A hundred and twenty thousand! Why, it's ridiculous!"

"Oh, it was all arranged between the banker—he had a power of sale, you know—and your uncle and Lord Bagshot—you know Bagshot, of course?"

"A conceited penguin—yes."

"And his son, the Honorable Windlesham?"

"Charles Windlesham, an arrogant puppy—yes."

"Well, he's the pivot of the arrangement. Bagshot's property runs in a line with yours—with your uncle's I mean—and Windlesham is to marry the niece. You know her, of course—the eldest one?"

"Ah, that's nonsense," said Westley, decidedly. "She wouldn't look at him."

"You wouldn't say that if you had seen them together to-day. A more decided case of smite I never witnessed. They were hardly apart for a moment; she looking up into his face with that tender confiding glance that makes, egad, an old fellow like me feel quite mellow-hearted to see it."

Westley muttered something strong in the way of an expletive, and presently appeared in evening dress, with a rough Ulster coat thrown over him, looking pale and determined.

"I've a great mind to go and see my uncle Arthur to-night, and tell him that it is a swindle, his buying the estate at that price."

"Don't do that," said Petworth; "sleep over it. There, come along, you will feel more charitable after dinner. By the way, do you want any more money?"

"My dear fellow," said Westley, "an insolvent pauper like me, how can I borrow more money from you?"

"Pshaw!" cried Petworth, "I never looked upon it as a mere business transaction, Westley, I assure you. I felt an interest in you, and would have liked to have pulled you through if I could. And even now, perhaps, Astyonax may give us a lift. At all events, I won't leave you in the lurch as long as I have a shot in the locker."

Westley was quite overcome at Petworth's generosity. It was in such strong contrast to the behaviour of his own relations, who had only made a market out of his troubles. There was some sterling worth, surely, about this man.

"I've a little surprise in store for you," said Petworth, as they were spinning along in a cab towards the hotel. "My daughter, whom you will meet to-night, you have already made the acquaintance of. She is my adopted daughter only, and she acknowledges as her real mother Mrs. Brown, of Bodley-terrace."

Petworth narrowly watched the effect of the communication, and saw that Westley's face lighted up with unfeigned pleasure.

"How very jolly!" he said. "I was afraid I had lost sight of her altogether; a charming girl, Petworth, and one of whom you may well be proud."

"Yes, yes; never mind that," said Petworth. "But as to the girl's parentage: she is not really the daughter of Mrs. Brown. There is a little mystery about her real birth which time may or may not clear up. Anyhow she is my adopted daughter, and if she behaves herself, my future heiress."

"Then she need not bother herself about any other pedigree," said Westley.

The dinner party that evening at Long's Hotel was a very pleasant one. To Wilford the contrast between the gloom and oppression of the last few days and the cheerful joyous tone of his new friends was sufficiently exhilarating. His old friends had all deserted him. No one had thought it worth while to look after him to offer him any assistance. Audrey had taken the earliest opportunity to provide herself with a new lover. Why should he not take the good the gods provided? Here were Samaritans indeed, with oil and wine, and a penny to put into his purse. Why should he turn away from such generous thoughtful care?

CHAPTER XIII.

BASELESS EXPECTATIONS.

A few days after Arthur Wilford's death, Framlingham, sitting blinking in the glitter of a stray sunbeam that found its way into his dusty office in the Temple, was surprised by a visit from Mr. Petworth. Now Petworth was a man whom no man of the world need be ashamed of knowing, and yet Framlingham felt a moment's reluctance to receive him—they were birds of such a different feather, and Framlingham had an undefined unacknowledged dread of the audacity, keenness, and successful impudence of his brother practitioner.

Petworth came in with his brisk, confident air, and shook hands cordially with Framlingham.

"Your name has been a household word to me," he said, "ever since I was a clerk, but I've never had the pleasure of doing business with you till now; and this matter won't take us long. I am concerned just now for a young fellow who has overrun the constable—young Wilford, in fact. I've been trying to settle his affairs."

"An unsatisfactory process, I am afraid," said Framlingham.

"Well, so-so."

"At all events, in the settlement there will not be much residuum, I fear."

Petworth laughed pleasantly at Framlingham's joke, and the old lawyer became more gracious in his demeanor.

"Well, go on, Mr. Petworth," he cried; "I interrupt you."

"Not at all. It is a pleasure to listen to remarks so shrewd and caustic."

"Ah, when we were young, when we were young, we were rather noted for our caustic sayings. But go on, Mr. Petworth."

"Well, then, to the point," said Petworth. "Our young friend, Mr. Wilford, has some slight expectations—baseless enough, I dare-say—of a legacy in his favor from his uncle. Now we have a meeting of a few creditors to-morrow, and it might smooth matters if we could hold out some little prospect—or, at all events, we shall know the worst—so that if, as from one professional man to another, you could give me a sight of Arthur Wilford's will—it is only a question of a few days, you know."

Framlingham's eyes twinkled with a malicious kind of pleasure. He saw an opportunity of playing a pleasant little joke upon Petworth, whom he rightly guessed to be more interested in Wilford's affairs than any one else. He would show him first a copy of the will in which there was a legacy of five thousand pounds to Westley, and then, when Petworth had thoroughly appreciated the good fortune in store, he would show him the codicil revoking the bequest. After a little search he found the document and handed it over to Petworth, who scanned it with a keen, earnest eye, going through all the provisions narrowly and carefully.

"Well," he said, as he finished it and laid it down on the writing-table, and he sighed a short, excited sigh, "a very well-drawn will."

"And the legacy—you noticed that?"

"Ah, yes, the legacy!" said Petworth, taking up the document and looking at it again. "Five thousand, eh? Better than a poke in the eye with a burnt stick, as we used to say as boys."

"But there's a codicil."

"A, a codicil! Let's see that!" anxiously.

"Yes; revoking the bequest of five thousand pounds."

"Is that all?" said Petworth, eagerly looking through the new document. "Ay, that is so. Well, Mr. Framlingham, it reminds one of the words of our immortal poet:

"'Thou makest a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much.'"

"Not altogether apt," said Framlingham, "although it may serve. These young ladies who inherit their uncle's property would have nothing at all in the world but for his bounty."

Petworth took his leave, smiling pleasantly.

"After all," said Framlingham, throwing himself back in his chair, "the devil is not so bad as he is painted. How coolly he took the loss of the five thousand pounds, and yet it would all have gone into his pocket."

Petworth's good spirits did not desert him as he pushed his way along Fleet Street and past St. Paul's, till he reached a somewhat quiet retired spot called Coleman Street, where there are a few lawyers' offices diversifying the general mercantile character of the neighborhood.

Hereabouts Mr. Ludwick spread his toils and baited his traps. Ludwick's offices were cold and bare and dry. Some clerks sat within a high-railed pen and looked fiercely out on any intruders. Words here were exchanged like pistol-shots; to be decently dressed or of gentlemanly mien was to be marked out for harsh and insulting treatment. Only hook-nosed men of slimy aspect and worn, greasy garments seemed to find any welcome here, and they slid out and in, exchanging dockets and writs, and making oily jokes with the hard-headed clerks behind the deal enclosure.

Petworth passed through this tribe like Satan among a ruck of vulgar imps, and walked straight into Ludwick's private room. Neither of them lost any time in preliminary greetings, and Petworth, taking a seat opposite the lawyer, marched at once to the object of his visit.

"Ludwick," he said, "you must make Westley Wilford a bankrupt."

"All right," said Ludwick. "I thought you objected."

"I have changed my mind," said Petworth. "You must contrive that the initiative does not come from me; it must appear as a device of the enemy's—you understand that?"

"Very well," replied Ludwick, with an incipient sneer. "I don't see the good myself of making such a fuss as all that over the young fellow. But then, I forgot, there's a young miss in the case."

"What do you mean?" said Petworth, roughly. "What young miss?"

"Why, people are saying that the reason you've been handling the man so tenderly is, that he's going to marry Miss Petworth. Some of our friends have been looking quite cheerful over it, I assure you."

"O, that's it," said Petworth, with an ambiguous smile. "That's where the wind sits, eh? And they thought I should be likely to pay his debts did they, Ludwick?"

"Some of 'em was hugging themselves with that idea, sir."

"You didn't share that idea, Ludwick?"

"Not exactly," said Ludwick, laughing.

"Ah, Ludwick, a few days ago things were different. There was a rich uncle who might have come to the rescue."

"He's dead now," said Ludwick; "but who knows but what he's left this young 'un a pot of money?"

"Well, he hasn't," said Petworth—"not a copper. I have it on the best authority."

"Ah, some of our friends will look glum over that."

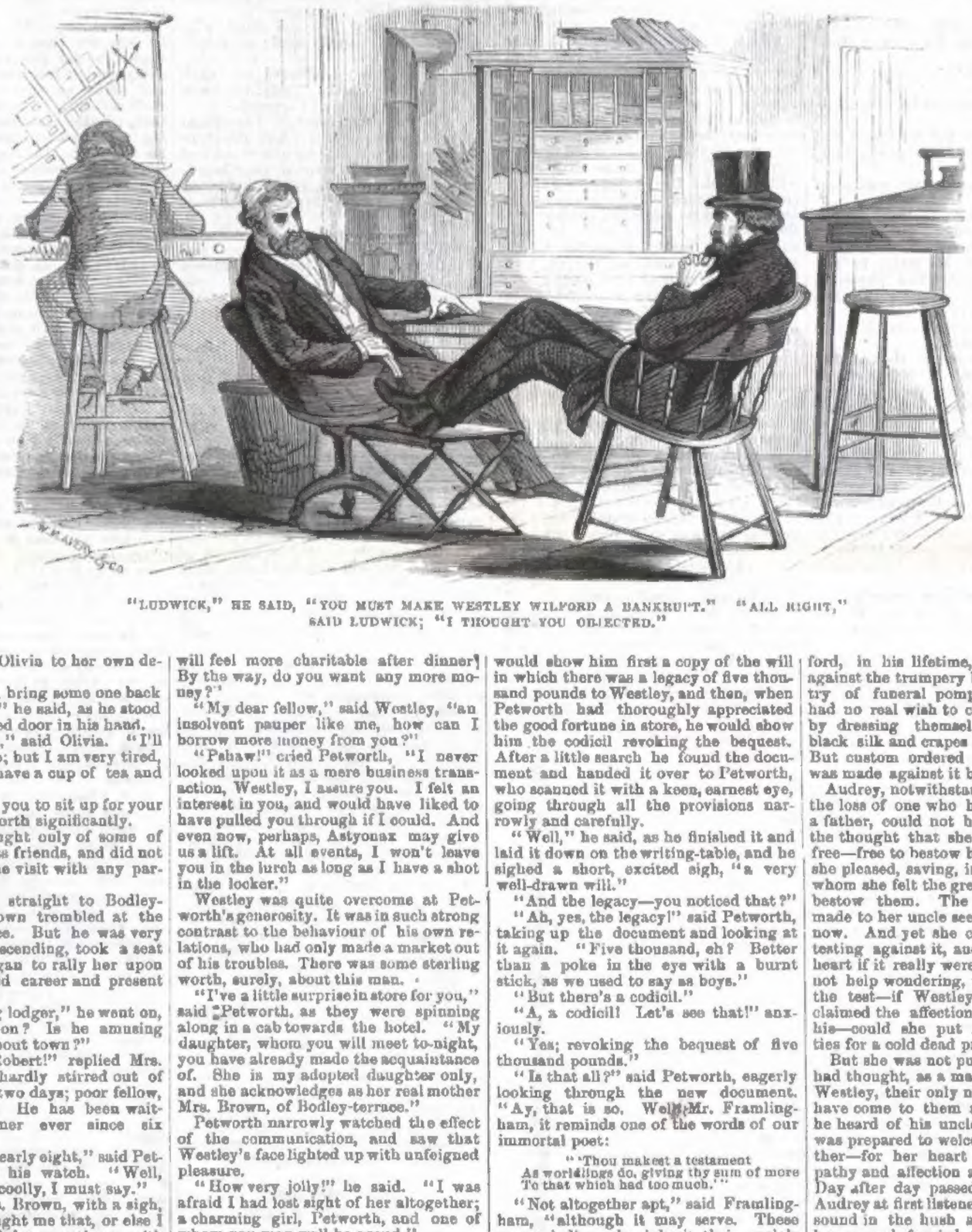
"They may well. I tell you, nobody will get a shilling in the pound. He hasn't got a friend but me, and I can't do much for him."

"Suppose some of these chaps want to sell their claims?"

"Offer them a shilling in the pound; or stay, I'll go to eighteenpence—not a penny more. Perhaps, if I can get him out of the mire at that rate, I mayn't object to help him."

"That's very kind of you. Well, I'll see what I can do. The terms are meagre; but if, as you say, there's nothing left——"

"I don't care a ha'p'orth about it," said Petworth; "they can take it or leave it, as they please."



"LUDWICK," HE SAID, "YOU MUST MAKE WESTLEY WILFORD A BANKRUPT." "ALL RIGHT," SAID LUDWICK; "I THOUGHT YOU OBJECTED."

CHAPTER XIV

BROWN OR MARTIN.

In the house at Avenue gardens, once so cheerful, the presence of death made itself felt in many sombre ways. The undertaker seemed to have taken possession of the place, and strange men crept noiselessly about; melancholy *modistes* came with boxes full of the most fashionable woe.

Arthur Wilford, in his lifetime, had often railed against the trumpery but costly pageantry of funeral pomps; and his nieces had no real wish to celebrate his death by dressing themselves out in costly black silk and crapes that stood on end. But custom ordered it, and no stand was made against it by any one.

Audrey, notwithstanding her grief for the loss of one who had been to her as a father, could not help dwelling upon the thought that she was now rich and free—free to bestow her riches on whom she pleased, saving, indeed, the one on whom she felt the greatest inclination to bestow them. The promise she had made to her uncle seemed doubly sacred now. And yet she could not help protesting against it, and doubting in her heart if it really were valid. She could not help wondering, if she were put to the test—if Westley came to her and claimed the affection that was already his—could she put away these loving ties for a cold dead promise?

But she was not put to the test. She had thought, as a matter of course, that Westley, their only near relation, would have come to them at once, as soon as he heard of his uncle's death; and she was prepared to welcome him as a brother—for her heart yearned for sympathy and affection at this trying time. Day after day passed away; and whilst Audrey at first listened eagerly for every sound in the hush and stillness of the house, and fancied that every distant footstep must be his, after a while she grew weary of expectation, and began to feel the resentment of one neglected and forgotten.

Westley was present at the funeral. They buried Arthur Wilford in the family vault in Fordham churchyard; and Westley joined the *cortege* only at the lychgate. Beyond a distant ceremonious salute at parting, he took no notice of his cousins, and made his way back to town at once and alone.

And yet Audrey could not help making excuses for him; he had been badly treated by them. The unopened letter returned to him was, after all, a rebuff that no man of spirit could well brook. Then she was rich now, and he so poor; his pride would keep them apart. Well, it was better so, and then she would not be tempted to break her promise to the dead. And yet it was sorrowful to drift apart like this, without a word of explanation or farewell. He was unhappy too, and in misfortune, and she might hold out a helping hand, but she dared not. She dared not take the initiative, and disregard the most strongly expressed wishes of their departed benefactor. No, she could not do it.

Audrey felt sadly sorrowful and uncared for now. Hester's head was full of the most becoming styles of mourning, and was a little puffed up at the independence of her new position. There was one in the household, however, who had watched the course affairs were taking with an attentive eye. This was Martin, who had already penetrated his mistress's secret. Martin, amply satisfied himself, and his future provided for, was anxious to see the young ladies fairly settled and off his hands, as he expressed it. He was rather fond of young Wilford, whom he characterized as a "nice, free, affable young gent: and after all it would be a good thing to keep the money in the family." He determined, then, to make some excuse for finding out Mr. Wilford; and he had sufficient confidence in his own diplomatic powers to feel sure that he would be able to induce him to come as a visitor to Avenue gardens, without compromising in any way himself or Miss Wilford.

Martin knew the address of young Westley, for the letter Audrey had written him at Bodley-terrace had passed through his hands. Martin had the curiosity at the time to hunt out the place in the Directory, and found that the occupier of the house was a Mrs. Brown. There was nothing particularly informing in that; but it had fixed the address in his memory. "Mrs. Brown, Bodley-terrace," he had repeated over and over again to himself, and he had wildly speculated as to what manner of person Mrs. Brown could be. A widow, no doubt, who let "apartments." Perhaps a nice tight little widow, with a good houseful of furniture, who only wanted some capital to make her occupation a flourishing one. Martin had a great fancy for a genteel little widow; and now that he was in a position to humor his own fancies, he had made up his mind to look out for one.

It was not, then, without romantic thoughts in his head, that Martin made his way one evening, as soon as dinner was over, to Bodley Terrace. If he killed two birds with one stone, and brought back the truant lover at the same time that he secured a nice little widow for himself, would it not be a pleasing coincidence?

Jane opened the door to him, and, in answer to his inquiry for Mr. Wilford, said she did not know whether he were at home or not—she would ask her mistress.

"Then," said Martin, "you may as well ask her if I can speak to her for a moment."

"Come in, then," said Jane, encouragingly, and Martin followed her into the parlor, where the servant announced him as "A gentleman, please ma'am—wants to speak to Mr. Wilford."

It must be said for Mrs. Brown, that she kept admirable watch and ward over the safety of her lodger. No one was allowed to see him until he had first undergone her scrutiny, and a strict cross-examination as to the object of his visit.

She raised her eyes with a mild serenity to the new-comer, but as he came into the full light, she seemed overcome with some sudden terror; she grasped at the table for support, and then fell back into her chair in a dead faint.

"Hullo, here's a pretty to-do!" cried Martin. (The maid had already left the room, and shut the door.) "Faints at the very sight of me. God bless my soul! Why, it can't be! What, Emmy; she as was dead and buried years ago?"

It was no pretended faint. Mrs. Brown lay quite lifeless, resting half on the table, half on the easy-chair.

"It is Emmy though, by gad!" said Martin, scrutinizing her features, still attentively. Then he approached her and took hold of her left hand, which lay exposed upon the arm of the chair. "That's the very wedding-ring I put on her finger twenty years ago or more," said Martin. "There's no great difference in these rings, but this one was cut on the inside, just across the hall-mark. Ay; there it is, sure enough," he said, having withdrawn the ring from her finger. "Come, you don't wear this for me any longer, ma'am; not till I know you've a right to it." Then he rang the bell and called in Jane, who laid her mistress out straight, rubbed her hands, chafed her temples, and gradually brought her to.

"Take that man away, Jane," she whispered, as soon as she recovered her speech.

"Do you hear? you are to go away!" repeated Jane.

"Not just yet," said Martin; "I've got a few words to say to her first;" and he seated himself doggedly in a chair opposite Mrs. Brown. "Don't hurry yourself, ma'am—take your time in coming to."

"Oh, take him away!" said Mrs. Brown again, in accents more hysterical.

"Is it the bailiff, ma'am?" whispered Jane, in an awe-struck voice.

"No, it isn't the bailiff," said Martin, who had overheard the question, "nor yet the water, nor the gas, nor the taxes; it's an old friend of your mistress' who has taken her by surprise a bit. There; she's coming round now. Go and get her a glass of wine out of the cupboard."

Mrs. Brown, recognizing the inevitable, came round rapidly. She drank a glass of wine, and then seemed able to raise her eyes to her visitor's face.

"Leave us, Jane," she whispered—"leave us. I must talk to him."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE WIDE-SPREAD affliction and suffering caused by the cupidity of the wretch Thomassen, who attempted to blow up the steamship Mosel, is represented, so far as it can be represented by figures, in this record: Killed, 128; wounded, 56, of whom 20 are hopelessly maimed; widows of victims, 56; orphans of victims, 135. There is but one amelioration of this terrible record, and that is the reflection that but for the accidental explosion of the dynamite before the ship sailed, there would have been more victims, more widows and more orphan children.

EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYED.—It is very common for young men now-a-days to study how little they can make suffice in the way of the labor they perform for their employers, rather than how much they can possibly do to render themselves useful. We say this is common now, and we suppose it always has been common. But we think it will be found on examination never to have been the course pursued by men who in after-life became distinguished for their success. Such men worked for their employers as afterwards, when they got into business on their own account, they worked for themselves.

OBSERVATION OF A WOMAN.—The foot is the point of departure for the whole toilet. She who can prettily dress her feet is very easy to costume elegantly, but a woman who dreads to expose her feet can never be well attired. The German, who has generally big feet, is always badly dressed. The American has a little foot, so she is elegant. The Russian is ravishingly attired, for she has little feet. The Spaniard is elegant—her foot is small, but she dresses it badly. The French woman has a little foot, and her boot is the height of perfection.

THE dove with the olive branch, coming to set the rest of the creation free, was, after all, the true messenger of happiness.

IN THE WORLD SO WIDE

From out the corner, safe and small,
That by the name of "Home" we call,
We look sometimes with wondering eyes,
On the luring scene that before us lies.
The stately pomp and the gilded show,
Enchantingly pass to and fro,
And a longing comes to step outside
Of the old, worn paths, into those untried.

Our eyes, unused to the brilliant glare,
Are dazzled, and all seems strangely fair.
Though home is still the one sweet spot,
We wonder that e'er such a humdrum lot
Could have held us there, all satisfied,
When, awaiting us, in the world so wide,
Wealth, fame and honor and greatness lie,
If to possess them we would but try.

Hope takes the sting from the last good-byes,
That are said to friends and youthful ties,
And when she leads, in faith we go;
She whispers of trees whose boughs hang low,
Laden with Fortune's golden fruit:
And we follow Fame in hot pursuit,
Till we lose our way, as without a guide,
We wander at will in the world so wide.

And some have found that which they sought,
But it brought not all the bliss they thought.
And some are stranded, seeking in vain
The coast of plenty they wished to gain.
Weary, discouraged, they all look back
Over their zigzag, wearisome track,
To the care-free days in the dear home nest,
And sigh that they went from the world's real best,
When they ventured to follow those paths untried,
That stretch away in the world so wide.

THE REJECTED LOVER!

OR

The Adventures of Robert Temple.

By MILLIE W. CARPENTER.

CHAPTER X.

A SCENE IN THE DEAD HOUSE.

It was yet early morning when Robert Temple left Rose standing at her father's door. He lingered a moment to say good-bye. There were no signs of life about the house. The long dim avenue stretched away silent, solitary, serene. They saw a few brown sparrows flitting chirping amid the dry, dusty vines clinging to the wall. Those were the only moving things astir save the two lovers.

"You are sure you are quite safe now, Rose—you don't need my services farther?"

"Oh, no; I am safe, quite safe, now. Judith Price is here to take care of me. I heard her shutters click just now; and I have papa's key to let myself in with. Was not that thoughtful of me to bring it? I suppose he will scold me for flying home in this manner, but I can coax him to view it in my light."

Robert was silent.

"So good-bye, and thanks for your kindness," she continued, looking at him over her shoulder as she unlocked the door.

"Good-bye! You will send for me—I mean let me know if anything happens," he said, watching her, loth to let her go out of his sight.

"Why, what should happen, you foolish man!—nothing more serious than a scolding from papa, and scoldings never kill one. But you shall know if I am devoured by wild beasts for my naughtiness."

He did not answer her. It seemed to him that her shy gaiety was ominous. He knew well enough it was no kindness, his taking her this strange night journey alone with him on a steamer of the Sound. But it was all over now. The deed was done. It was too late to repent. Come what might it was too late.

The door opened and closed behind her. She was gone.

"Good-bye, sweet-heart!"

And Robert went his own lonely way, alone now.

There was little time left for rest before he went to work. A bath and hasty change of dress followed.

He was coming out of the restaurant, when he felt a hand laid stealthily on his arm. He was rather unnerved by the excitement of the last twenty-four hours, and so stealthy was the touch, so ghost-like, unexpected, for he had heard no footstep, that he wheeled fiercely, and with an angry exclamation, on the intruder. The anger died away, however, when he saw old Shaun MacIvor by his side.

"Shaun! What, you!" he cried.

The old man put a finger cautiously to his lips. He was looking rather the worse for wear. His clothes were dirty and shabby, his beard and hair were uncombed, and his eyes shone with a wild, fierce light.

"Hush!" he whispered, and glanced stealthily about him. "Hush! come with me."

"With you!" Robert hesitated naturally to obey this wild summons. "But whither? I'm rather pressed for time, just now."

The old man looked mysterious.

"Hush!" He drew nearer and laid a hand on Robert's arm. "Come with me. *I've got something to show you!*"

He hissed these words in the young man's ear with a slow, deadly meaning which made the listener's blood run icily in his veins. Dreading he knew not what, he turned and walked away at Shaun's side.

The walk led them to the lower part of the city again, and as they came in sight of the river lying sluggish, dull and gray under the lead-colored summer sky, the old man stopped. He pointed to the water and gesticulated with a horrible meaning.

"There's where they found her—old Shaun knew." He touched Robert's arm and laughed gustily. "Out there—she is cold now—so cold!" He made believe to shiver. "She lay there in the water too long, but I couldn't get her out without help!"

"Get who out? Who was it you found? For God's sake, Shaun, stop that horrible laughing! Whither are you leading me?"

The old man grew quiet immediately. He drew close to Robert, and approaching his lips to the young man's ear, whispered:

"I know where *he* is, too! He is warm, and she is cold! His hair is all gold! Oh, it is bright gold—bright as that!"

Shaun took from some hiding-place about his shabby old coat the gold piece Robert had seen in his hands before. A horrible fear began to make the young man feel faint and cold.

"What do you mean? Who is *he?* Where are we going?"

His voice was so harsh, it hardly seemed his own.

But the old fellow only laughed again. He put away the gold piece carefully, and taking Robert's arm, went on.

The young man submitted to be led. He knew well enough now whither they were going, and bracing himself to meet whatever of horror was to come, he followed old Shaun into the Morgue, the receiving-place of the unknown murdered and suicide dead of New York city.

Shaun led the way at once to a body stretched on one of the marble slabs. It was the body of a woman. She held a child close-clasped in her arms.

Robert looked down at the still face. He knew it. This was the woman to whom he had given the gold pieces that morning he landed in New York city—more, it was the dear old playmate—grown up now, oh, to what sorrowful womanhood — playmate of his happy boyish days in old Forestburg—Maggie MacIvor!

Poor Maggie! He had loved her well in those old days. She had grown up to woman's years; she had sinned the sin for which women are stoned by all the righteous, and now the end had come. In the bustle of the careless city, while the sweet morning light was breaking rosily over the green fields of Forestburg, Maggie lay still and at peace on the marble table of the Morgue. She lay cold and at rest—but where was he who should have shared the cold couch with her! Was he, too, "all cold," as Shaun said, or was he warm and cared for, and comfortably fed and clothed? Would the water dripping down on his breast, as it dripped on Maggie and the child, have washed him pure and white as snow?"

Oh, when the stories are all told—will they be all told, ever?—which will be the innocent, and who the guilty ones?

Old Shaun laid a caressing hand on his child's forehead, and pushed the brown hair back. He pointed to a dark stain on her breast—bruise and wound were both there.

Robert grew sick with sudden horror as he remembered at that moment Rose Vane's dream.

"God in Heaven!" he cried, "what does it mean!"

Old Shaun laughed that horrible laugh of his.

"I know where *he* is!" he hissed out. "His hair is all yellow, bright yellow, like gold!"

He began to fumble for the gold piece in his coat.

One of the attendants of the place come up. Robert questioned him.

The body had been picked up early in the daylight hours, he said. It had washed a good deal. The physician judged it had been in the water since between three and four o'clock.

Robert passed his hand over his damp forehead hearing this.

The wound and bruise showed foul play. The blow with a knife had evidently been struck, and then, with her child in her arms, the poor creature had been pushed into the river. The police were making a case of it.

Robert staggered out into the open air. He was sick and faint. Old Shaun followed him, muttering. The young man took him into a saloon and ordered a couple of glasses of brandy. The spirit brought back some color into his own pale face, some vigor to his trembling limbs, some courage to his tortured heart.

When they gained the street again, Shaun turned back to the river. Robert called him, but the old man frowned angrily.

"I must go! I must keep trace of him! I know where to find you again when I want you. You can't escape me. Nobody can escape old Shaun!"

And so muttering, he shuffled away.

CHAPTER XI.

A BROKEN FAITH.

The cool September days came on. The gay world of New York which had been coquetting graciously with hills and mountains and sea-side hamlets, whirled back to the city and began its preparations for the winter rout. Parties and receptions came into vogue once more; concerts and readings and lectures obtained; the theatre managers made the walls gay with posted red and blue bills—the name of some favorite actress conspicuous in letters a yard long.

Robert, walking the streets listlessly, saw the name of Madame Zelda announced for one week only—positively but one week—in her favorite character of Desdemona. The admirers of this celebrated and talented Polish actress were adjured not to miss this treat—a treat it surely was—of seeing her in this truly surpassing personification.

Robert saw all this, and much more. He thought of the episode at the park on the afternoon in summer, when he had been of service to her—the afternoon preceding the night he had brought Rose home.

Where was Rose now? He did not know. How was she? He did not know. He had seen nothing of her since the morning he had bade her good-bye at her father's door. She had then promised to communicate with him, and failed to keep that promise. Once when venturously he had gone to inquire of her, hoping to see her, he had been coldly sent away—Miss Vane was not at home. He was the rejected lover still.

Lieutenant Cornwell, the only man who could have told him anything definite, was out of town. An unauthorized rumor of Rose's and St. Albert's swift approaching nuptials was rife now. Robert heard of it; he did not believe it, but it, for all that, maddened him. What should he do? What could he do?

He was sitting alone in his room one night, after business hours. He was in a dark and dreary mood, and in the midst of it his door was abruptly opened. Lieutenant Cornwell entered.

Robert looked up, and then, as he got a full view of his visitor's face, stared with astonishment.

The lieutenant's countenance, usually so frank, was now overcast by a dark frown; his manner was abrupt; his voice harsh.

"Temple," he asked, directly to the point, "have you any engagement for the evening? Were you going out?"

"No," Robert answered, surprised; "I had no thought of going out."

"Then come with me. I shall not be very agreeable or amusing company, I am aware of that"—he laughed harshly—"nevertheless I shall ask you to put up with it for a few hours."

Robert was more and more surprised. He thought the lieutenant must be ill, suffering some bodily pain, but his composed manner soon put that idea to flight. All in a sea of wonder he got himself ready, and then, hat in hand, announced that he was at his friend's service.

The lieutenant turned, then pausing at the door, put his hand—the young man felt that it was trembling—on Robert's shoulder.

"Temple," he said, huskily, "you are a good lad, and a trusty one—that is the reason why I have come to you to-night. You ask no questions; that is well, for I can't bear them—least of all times now."

Wondering more and more, but silent still, Robert linked his arm in his friend's, and followed blindly.

They stopped after rather a hurried walk at one of the Broadway theatres. Robert remembered it as the one where the Polish actress, Madame Zelda, was playing. A great stream of people was pouring in at the door and up the stairs. The house was brilliantly illuminated. The lieutenant produced two tickets, and a moment more they were seated in the midst of that great rustling and expectant audience.

Robert glanced about him; the house was crowded, the orchestra were fairly pushed under the stage, even the galleries groaned. The other houses were running good pieces, but a look at this audience, waiting with that indescribable air of cultivated eagerness, was enough to assure one that Madame Zelda was a favorite—the fancy and fashion of the hour.

Still with that concentrated grave expression of face, Lieutenant Cornwell waited. Once he spoke. They were early, as it happened—the opening scene was playing, but the great tragedienne herself had not yet appeared.

"We have a good position, fortunately—can see the stage without being seen ourselves."

And then, even as he spoke, a great clapping of hands began, a dozen or so bouquets shot over the heads of the orchestra and fell at the feet of the beautiful *Desdemona*, who stood there bowing and smiling to the welcoming faces in front of her.

The house grew quiet, and the action of the play swept on—Madame Zelda dressed her part. Her tall, wonderfully lithe figure carried off the ancient costume of Desdemona well. Heavy bands of yellow hair lay low on her forehead. Her oval face was perfectly colorless, save the red line of the lips and the dark one of the eyebrows, made darker still with kohenl. Heavy rings of gold encircled her naked, delicate brown ankles, and glittered on her arms, uncovered to the shoulder. A heavy collar of pearls encircled her neck; her scarlet boddice was sown with gems that flashed in the light, and threw back a thousand glittering reflections, as the beautiful Polish lady moved down the stage towards the footlights. And all the while, as Robert looked at her, while she stood there in that bright blaze of calcium light, a sense of something strangely familiar in the outline of that oval face, in the poise of the golden head, in the turn of the graceful shoulder, impressed him and grew steadily upon him.

Lieutenant Cornwell, who, while the ring of plaudits was shaking the house, had sat silent, dark and cold, now took up his glass and directed it to the stage. So long he looked, so steadily, his manner was so grave, so strangely subdued, that Robert grew more and more uneasy. A stifling sense of some catastrophe approaching overcame him. He laid his hand on his friend's arm.

Silently then Lieutenant Cornwell returned his opera glasses to the case. Silently he turned to his companion, and Robert, looking, saw a face aged and worn, and drawn out of all likeness to itself, as if long years had passed since they two took their seats there. He smiled a little still smile, as he met Robert's eyes—Robert, who was yet blind to the meaning of all this.

"Shall we go?" he asked, quietly. "We have seen enough, I think."

"Go!" was Robert's suppressed answer. "Certainly, if you wish it. You don't care to see the play out then?"

You should have seen Frank Cornwell's face then.

"See the play out? The play will not be finished, Robert, till my wife puts off her tawdry stage attire and returns to the home she has disgraced!"

And then Robert knew the truth!

He turned and gazed again upon the play. Othello was there, the stalwart Moor that Desdemona loved, and Desdemona herself, Cassius the liar, and Iago—a motley group. And Robert felt as he looked, that whatever glamour the play had worn, it was swept away now; knowing her as he did—knowing who she was—the wife of a good man and trusting husband; the idol of his home. Desdemona seemed now a haggard siren—eyes, and lips, and finger-tips stained and foul! Oh, how unworthy of her husband's kiss! Her dress tawdry beyond speech—and the men she played with; would she clasp and pretend to kiss that dark, vile Moor? Oh, how foul it all looked now, in this changed light!

"My God!" he gasped; "how blind I have been! 'Tis Mrs. Cornwell!"

Frank Cornwell's lips stirred with a haggard smile.

"You didn't guess it then, till I told you? Strange, that you or any one could be so deceived. To me the disguise seems flimsy beyond expression."

Robert could not answer. He sat the remainder of the scene out in silent misery. At the end of it, when the curtains dropped, he dragged his friend away. When they gained the street he kept by Frank's side, silent still. What was there he could say?

"Temple," began the other, abruptly breaking the silence, "suppose—I'll put a case—suppose you were a man married to a wife whom you adored, who pretended to adore you. You leave home on business—a protracted journey. You send daily letters home, and you receive tenderly couched epistles in reply. Your wife is desolate because of your absence; she will go nowhere—she longs only for your return. Nothing will avail her but your presence. You return—"

The lieutenant's voice, firm and even-toned till this, breaks down now. It is a full moment before he can go on. Robert's heart aches for him.

"You return unexpectedly," he resumes at length. "You have happy dreams of a face, made pallid by long watching, now lighting up with joyous smiles as you take it to your breast. You think of little feet tripping up and down, of bright fires lighted, of a love-feast spread because you have come home. You find instead a house dark and cold. There is no fire lighted on the hearth; there are no eyes watching and brightening; there are no dear lips waiting to give you sweet kisses. You find, instead of the home-angel waiting your return, a stolen and disguised actress posturing on the stage in a tawdry dress that makes your cheek burn with blushes. *She* does not blush though she stands with naked limbs under the burning gaze of a thousand curious eyes! What would you do in such a case as that, Temple? How avenge your bruised and broken trust—how wash away the stain of dishonor she has fastened on you by her falsehood?"

He spake, not rapidly, but calmly. Every word was well-weighed, and heavy with the burthen of meaning it bore.

"What would I do?" Robert smiled faintly. "Why I believe, in such a case as that, I would first of all make myself sure there *was* dishonor! I would be certain above all of the reason *why* she donned the actress' dress. I would learn her motive for appearing on the stage unknown to me, and then I would judge her according to her guilt."

"Ah! and suppose—suppose, then, Temple, that her reason for doing all this—reason which you learned by accident purely, and through her own indiscretion, was simply to furnish supplies of money to a blackguard lover to pay his turf and gambling debts—her lover, a man whose name to speak it, would blacken the lips it crossed. What would you do then?"

"Do! What would I do then?" Robert's face kindled, his voice rang high and clear. "Why, I should take that villain by the neck and tread him under foot as I would tread upon a snake that chanced to trail across my path and hiss its venom at me. I would empty his heart of its foul blood, and so wash off the stain of dishonor he had fixed on *me*."

"You would do that? Pity! Oh, the pity! You would stain the face of good old mother earth with his vile blood, and then you would return and find your name no less dishonored. Could anything so foul as that wash the stain from a good man's name? Nay; you would return and find your home no less dark; your wife no less a wanton —"

Robert started back and shook with pain at that horrid word, so calmly spoken.

"Oh, no, no; not that; not that! Take that word back. Truly, your wife is not that, Lieutenant Cornwell."

"You would return," Lieutenant Cornwell went on, calmly and quietly as if the other had not spoken, "and find your wife no less a wanton, your hearth no less dark and cold, your life forever broken. You remember the episode at the park, Temple?"

Robert remembered.

"Well, I suspected her then. That, with other things put together, aroused my suspicions, but she lied to me. She deceived me and drew my mind to other things. She lied to me so tenderly, too; she deceived me with such sweet caresses, that the lesson was a happy one."

He paused, and drew his hand over his pale forehead.

"Ah, Temple; take warning by me and my sad experience. Do not trust blindly, and, above all, never put your heart absolutely at the disposal of a woman. She will trample over it, and while she is misleading you, she will smile her sweetest smiles; she will give you her tenderest kisses. You will swear that the thorns she is piercing your brow with is only a garland of roses, and you will kiss her hands while they are hurting you. Don't make a fool of yourself, young man, as I and hundreds of older men have done. I give you warning, and be sure you heed it."

Robert Temple was silent. What could he say? Had he not already wrecked his happiness? Was he not already drinking the bitter cup? Had he not already bittered his life's peace for the sake of a face that was fair and beguiling—for the love of a voice that lured and a smile that deluded him.

"Oh, fool! fool!" his conscience shouted. "You have given your soul to a woman, and she has mocked and deceived you." Then his heart rising, thundered back, "Fool; fool for doubting! I love her! I will trust her to the end!"

"I don't know how it is," he said, at last, "but one man's experience never seems to fit another man's life. Tell me one thing." He laid a trembling hand on his friend's shoulder. "I *must* know the truth, is Rose Vane going to marry St. Albert? I have heard the story, but don't believe it."

"You may believe it. For I suppose it is truth," was the answer he got.

The young man dropped his head and walked slowly away: She had cast him off, then; she was so fickle, and why should he mourn? Why rack his heart with grief for her? For, lonely, despised, rejected, though he might be, it was simple truth that he loved her still, and would so love her to the end.

CHAPTER XII.

A BROKEN HOME.

When Robert Temple left Lieutenant Cornwell that night at the door-step of his house, the hour of midnight was striking from all the city clocks. Silent, cold, clear! He said to himself that the hour was typical of his own life. He stood a moment thinking of what had been—of what was to come with the new-breaking day, and then he went into the house and made ready for his meeting with his guilty wife.

Yes; it had come to that. He believed her guilty now; believed her fouler, because her sin had not the "excuse," so called, of great trial, temptation, want.

He had loved his wife well; had watched over her, idolized her, and this was the end. God have pity on him, he groaned, and God have pity on her, who had sold her soul—for what? What were her wages, and what was the price paid her? From the time of Judas down, what has been the price paid for a trust betrayed, a life ruined, a soul sent down to hell!

The thirty pieces of silver! The Potter's Field!

The house was quite still when he entered; an old servant of his mother—a woman who had been in their service since he could remember, came out into the hall.

"Madame had not yet returned from her sick friend!" she told him.

That he expected. He went upstairs, walking slowly to their dressing-room. A light was burning there, just as he left it when he went out four hours before. The hearth was cold and sifted with gray ashes, where a fire had gone out. He sat down in an arm-chair before them, and dropped his head between his hands, thinking.

Only that evening he had returned from a long journey connected with his business; returned two weeks sooner than was expected. His wife was out; she had been out each evening of the week to serve a sick friend, the old servant told him. This, when told him, he knew was simply a lie—a subterfuge. He asked a question or two.

Madame had gone out early, as was her custom, attended by Hortense, her maid. "As was her custom!" The words struck him as ominous. Anxious, suspicious, and beating his suspicions angrily down, he ascended to his wife's dressing-room and found the door locked. This did not much matter, for he had a key about him, and it was but a moment's work to let himself in.

The first thing that struck him unpleasantly about the room was its unusual disorder. Articles of dress, which seemed to him strange and unlike what a modest, home-keeping woman would wish to wear abroad, were scattered round on the chairs and sofa. On the dressing-table lay a great coil of bright gold hair, and a bunch of frizzed curls of the same gorgeous brightness.

The lieutenant looked at it, his face growing white, even to his lips. Then, without touching it, trembling in all his stout limbs, he turned and walked over to the dressing table.

A yellow-covered pamphlet—the stage edition of Othello, lay there. He regarded it with a loathing, a horror impossible to describe; it was to him the certificate of his wife's shame and his own dishonor, for he knew the truth now. His suspicions had come home at last, and he knew that his wife, Rosamond, was no other than the spurious Polish countess, the mysterious, unknown actress, whose charm of mystery, whose grace and beauty when she made her brief, spasmodic appearances on the stage had set the gilded youth of New York into raptures of admiration. He thought of the day at Jerome Park, when he had unexpectedly appeared before her; how soon he had recognized her, and how easily she had kissed his doubts away.

He sank down in a chair by the table; he was cold and trembling. Well he might be, for the autumn night was chilly, and he had traveled fast and far, and taken no dinner — nothing since early in the day. While he was sitting thus, stunned and miserable, a letter lying in Rosamond's open desk attracted his attention. He took it up; the writing was his wife's; it carried her crest and seal, and it was directed to Mr. Albert St. Albert.

He had no more scruples now; he guessed that his wife had written the letter before going out, intending to post it with her hands, and had forgotten it. With a certain set and stern expression of his lips, he broke the seal and scattered the contents on the table. There was a check on a city bank given by a manager of one of the theatres; it was to the amount of three hundred dollars, and was made payable to St. Albert's order; there was a written note, too.

The wretched husband dropped the check and took up the other scented, daintly-tinted bit of paper. Oh, how ever after that faint scent of violets, his wife's favorite perfume, haunted him, and sickened him.

DEAR ALBERT—I send you a check for three hundred dollars. I got the manager to make it payable to you—"my sick brother." It's all I can spare just now; but as my engagement continues through the week, I shall doubtless be able to remit you more directly. Or will you come for it? It was a happy thought of yours—was it yours or little Hunter's—my playing Desdemona? The novelty of the costume takes well at this epoch of garish taste. I hear you are to be married soon. Well, I congratulate you! *You* congratulated me, if you remember. A little unhappiness, more or less, does not matter when all is lost. Come and see my Desdemona! Ever your own ZELDA.

P. S. Beauclerc is doing finely. I rode him in the park yesterday. I think he needs more exercise than he gets since you are gone. Z.

Lieutenant Cornwell read this heartless letter through to the last word; then he dropped it with a groan.

"Oh, how false! Oh, how foul she was. He sat and quaked, thinking of the pit yawning at his feet.

"Oh, shameless woman! Was not the other sin enough, that you must plunge into this depth below the lowest deeps?"

He put the check, with the note, carefully back into the envelope, left it where he found it, then after a moment's deliberation, took his hat and gloves and left the house.

This was five, six, or seven hours ago, and now he had come back, and was sitting by his still lonely hearth, alone—alone!

Again the clock struck. Would she return? Would she come back at all? Was it not more probable that, learning of his return, warned by secret instinct that all was discovered, was it not more probable that she would fly from him—afraid to face him in the heat of his just indignation. He was thinking thus, when the front door opened and shut, and he heard her footsteps coming up the stairs.

She came swiftly on. The wretched man sitting there, heard her voice as she dismissed her maid. He heard Hortense's low, respectful "Good-night, madam," and then the footsteps drew nearer, the door opened, and his wife—nay, not his wife, she could not be that any more—the actress, Madame Zelda, stood before him.

She shut the door with a little, soft smile on her lips, as if she were thinking of something pleasant; then she started, seeing the blaze of light, and taking a quick step forward, she looked into the avenging face of her husband. She stopped short, with a cry, she pressed her hand to her bosom and sank down in a chair.

"You!" she gasped. "You, Frank—here? Oh, now I am lost, indeed!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LOGIC AMONG FRIENDS.—If people wish to live well together, they must not hold too much logic and suppose that everything is to be settled by sufficient reason. Dr. Johnson saw this clearly with regard to married people, when he said, "Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute details of a domestic day." But the application should be much more general than he made it. There is no time for such reasonings, and nothing that is worth them. And when we recollect how two lawyers, or two politicians, can go on contending, and that there is no end of one-sided reasoning on any subject, we shall not be sure that such contention is the best mode of arriving at truth. But certainly it is not the way to arrive at goodtemper.

AGRICULTURAL.

IMMERSING a growing plant in water of 130 degrees, will clean it of lice and other insects, and not hurt the plant.

SAVE the soot that falls from the chimneys when the latter are cleaned. Twelve quarts of soot to a hogshead of water makes good liquid manure, to be applied to roots of plants.

BRITTLE FEET.—Some horses have such brittle feet that it is difficult to keep their shoes on. This is often caused by a sudden change from excessive and long-continued wetness to extreme dryness. The best treatment is to rub the soles and shells of the feet with a mixture composed of the following: Tar, two parts; beef suet, two parts; whale oil, four parts; beeswax and honey, one part each; melt over a slow fire and mix well.

HORSES WITH CONTRACTED FEET.—Make an excavation in the bottom of your stable, close by the manger, from two to three feet square and one or more feet deep; fill the same with clay, taking care to crush down into a solid mass. *Be sure to get good, pure clay*—not mud of any sort. Keep the surface damp, and a horse kept standing on such a surface will never be troubled with contracted hoofs. It is not necessary to have any more of the damp surface than just where the fore feet rest.—*Cor. Rural New Yorker.*

COLORING CHEESE.—The preference for colored cheese is one of the strangest commercial infatuations we are acquainted with. These Yorkshire people, shrewd as foxes in things generally, have a notion that plain cheese is not genuine for some reason or other, that it is not so rich as the other, whereas it is really the colored cheese that is not genuine—that is actually adulterated with annotto to produce the deep tint which they unwisely prefer. If those good people were to taste just a teaspoonful of annotto, such as is used to color cheese with, we venture to predict they would eschew colored cheese for the future. However, this fallacy is gradually being extinguished.

—*London Agricultural Gazette.*

THE idea entertained by almost every amateur flower-grower that a large amount of earth is required for the health and vigor of the plant is erroneous, and is called by experienced florists over-potting, and is laden many times with serious results to plant life; for the soil in pots, boxes, tubs, etc., does not have the action of the elements to neutralize the acid or equalize the chemical compounds that are used up or generated to excess when thus confined, and the soil often becomes sour and sodden, and necessitates the speedy removal of the plant into fresh soil to prevent decay of the roots. Soil best adapted to nearly every plant grown in pots is good sandy loam. Good garden soil that has been enriched until it is soft and mellow will answer every purpose; but, if neither of these can be obtained, procure leaf-mould from the woods, swamp-muck and sand, equal parts, thoroughly mixed, and this will make a most desirable compost. The addition of a little lime will destroy and prevent worms.

A CLEAN POULTRY HOUSE.—A clean, sweet fowl house is a very desirable thing. A building infested with vermin is a wretched place to confine fowls in; and however generous may be their feed or the attention given to their needs otherwise, the neglect to keep the laying and roosting quarters free from lice overbalances all attempts to maintain poultry in a healthy condition. Purity and cleanliness are absolutely essential to the health and comfort of fowls; guarding them from vermin, and rendering even narrow quarters comparatively comfortable. Whitewashing is one of the most important aids to secure these results, and should be performed twice a year, spring and autumn, at least, and oftener if necessary. The best wash is made from fresh lime slacked with boiling water, to which is added one ounce of carbolic acid to every four quarts of water. Some say that the building should be cleared of fowls, closed, and thoroughly fumigated by burning in it sulphur or tobacco stems in an iron kettle, previous to whitewashing, but we have not found this necessary. Whitewashing every portion of the interior with the above mixture will do the business. The lime, besides purifying the building, covers the unsightly stains on the walls, and greatly improves the general appearance of the room, while the acid destroys lice, fleas, and other vermin.

THE DRYING RIVERS OF EUROPE.

It is a well-known fact that, as the settlement of a country becomes general, and the forests are cleared, or the open country brought into cultivation, the effect is quickly seen in the diminished water supply of rivers during the summer. In Europe, this diminished water supply is yearly more and more felt. Attention is again called to the subject in Austria, and a circular, accompanied with a report, has been addressed to the scientific societies of Europe, by the Vienna Academy of Science, inviting them to unite in observations for the determination of the causes of the decrease of the water in springs, rivers, and water-courses. For a certain number of years, the waters of the Danube and other large rivers have been diminishing. The Austrian Engineers' and Architects Union have taken up the same question, and have appointed a Hydrostatic Commission to collect facts and prepare a report. Two members will observe the Danube, the Elbe, and the Rhine; and two others will study the meteorology of the subject, and the influence that the Alpine glaciers and torrents may bear upon it. The Commission regard the destruction of the forests as the prime cause of the disastrous decrease of European waters, and urge an immediate adoption of measures to remedy the evil.

Needless Suffering.

Many persons of weakly constitution, with dyspeptic and bilious tendencies, suffer lifelong bodily distress unnecessarily. Their existences are commonly shorter than those of healthier mortals, but, while they last, it is usually the case that they are continually dosing themselves, or being dosed to no purpose. Could they be induced to use Hostetter's Stomach Bitters for a while, strength regained, digestion restored, and the disappearance of bilious symptoms, would speedily acquaint them with the difference between a remedy which deals with causes, and those which affect symptoms merely. Not only are the Bitters a searching specific for complaints affecting the stomach, liver or intestinal canal, but they are, in consequence of their invigorative and bracing influence upon the entire physique, an admirable means of protecting the system against the atmospheric influences which beget malarial disease.

NOTICE.

UNITED STATES CENTENNIAL COMMISSION, PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 20, 1875.

To prevent any misapprehension on the part of the public, the undersigned hereby certify and announce that no other CATALOGUE or GUIDE BOOK of the International Exhibition of 1876, containing advertisements, other than the Official Catalogue published and sold by the "Centennial Catalogue Company," and of which S. M. PETTENGILL & CO. are **exclusive Advertising Agents, will be permitted to be sold within said Exhibition grounds during the continuance of the Exhibition.**

(Signed) A. T. GOSHORN,
Director-General U.S. Centennial Commission.
JOHN WELSH,
President Centennial Board of Finance.

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The Rule of "No Cure No Pay."—The oldest and best hernia surgeons in the world, the only lady surgeon on earth skilled in the cure of Ruptures, the only elastic truss worthy of the name, free examination and advice are some of the advantages offered by the Triumph Truss Company, No. 334 Bowery, New York. Send for descriptive pamphlet.

For Throat Diseases and Affections of the chest, "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" are of value. For Coughs, Irritation of the Throat caused by cold, or Unusual Exertion of the vocal organs, in speaking in public, or singing, they produce beneficial results.

FACETIÆ.

CONDUCTOR. "Man-a-yunk!" Little girl. "Say, mamma, do we get out at the next holler?"

"If you don't believe times are hard," says Flora McFlimsey, "just feel my muff. It's stuffed with rags instead of cotton."

THERE is something in pronunciation, after all. A Detroiter found it out when he went into a grocery and inquired for "oblong" tea.

CONCERNING KISSES: What city does a kiss most resemble? Nice. Why is a kiss like a sewing machine? Because it seams so good.

AN enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare, who claimed that no other poet had ever been able to equal him, after exhausting praise, exclaimed, "I tell you that Shakspeare climbed Parnassus to a height never before reached, and then pulled the ladder up after him!"

A COCKNEY tourist met a Scottish lassie going barefoot toward Glasgow.

"Lassie," said he, "I should like to know if all the people in these parts go barefoot?"

"Part on 'em do, and part on 'em mind their own business," was the rather settling reply.

AN ACTOR who did not like to be taken for a "supe" is told about in the Louisville *Ledger* as follows: "Mr. John Marble, who is now playing at Macauley's Theatre, is quite a wag in his way. Yesterday, while at dinner at one of our principal hotels, one of the waiters approached him, and gently asked: 'Soup, sir?' 'What's that?' demanded the actor. 'Soup, sir?' reiterated the waiter. 'No, sir—comedian!' was the dignified answer."

A CHEERFUL EVENING.—The other evening when a Detroiter and his wife felt lonesome, they decided to go over and call on an acquaintance and pass an hour away.

"Ah! I'm glad to see you!" exclaimed the acquaintance as he opened the door. "Come right in and take off your things! I've got 150 verses of a poem written, and I want to read them to you and see what you think of my talent!"

They didn't go out anywhere next evening.

A HARVARD professor went down to one of the beaches of the New England coast to bathe, one stormy day, but the men in charge refused to let him go in, on account of the dangerous swell. On his way back he expressed his disappointment and indignation to the driver of the omnibus.

"Well, I'll tell you how it is," said the driver, "we don't like to have strangers come down here and get drowned. *It hurts the beach!*"

A "FOREIGNER" RUNNING.—The other day a German leaning against a hitching-post on Washington Street, looked up at the sky and remarked: "I guess a leedle it will rain some-dime pooty queek." "Yees do, eh?" replied an Irishman at his side. "Well, I want yees to understhand that yees have no bimess to come over to America and say anything forninst the weather. Phat the divil do yees purteend to know about American weather, anyhow, ye ferrin galoot?" The German had no more to say.

DURING a recent examination of a class of youngsters in one of the Chemung County schools, the teacher asked:

"What is a monarchy?" and was immediately answered by a bright little eight-year-old boy,

"A country governed by a king."

"Who would rule if the king should die?"

"The queen."

"And if the queen should die, who then would be ruler?"

"The jack."

ENGLISH—NOT THE QUEEN'S.—It would seem from the following that there is much need of a School Board at Weardale. A doctor there was lately summoned to a cottage at Harwood in Teesdale, and found a boy patient in need of his services.

"Put out your tongue," said the doctor.

The boy stared like an owl.

"My good boy," requested the medical man, "let me see your tongue."

"Talk English, doctor," put in the mother; and then, turning to her son, she said: "Hoppen thy gobbler, and push out thy lollker."

The boy rolled out his tongue in a moment.

SHE KNOWS.

We flatter ourselves—we bearded boys—
That we are deep, and can conceal
All that we know, and do and feel—
Your business sorrows and club-house joys—
From the innocent creatures who make our tea.
But believe me, sir, they can see
Right through and through both you and me!
As if your clove or cardamon seed
Could hide your guilt in wine and weed!
Ah! foolish mortal, do you suppose
That only to sniff the scent of a rose,
And not the odor that's in your clothes,
She'n got that sweet little, pert little nose?
Your screen is only a pane of glass,
Through which she sees that you are—
My no means the lion you think within,
But a long-eared thing in a lion's skin.

OLD BOZER.—Old Bozer, upon Pine Street, is a mean father. When one of his boys asks him for a pair of skates he inquires:

"My son, would you lay your life down for me?"

"Yes, father, I would," is the reply.

"Then you can't have the skates, for to die for me would be wicked and uncalled for!" says the father.

Then when the other boy asks for a sled the father inquires:

"My son, would you die for me?"

"No, sir!" promptly replies the boy.

"You wouldn't, eh? Well, a boy who wouldn't die for his father doesn't deserve a sled, and you won't get one!"

And by working it that way, Old Bozer keeps the whole family on the edge of ragged despair.

THE course of true love never does run smooth. A young gentleman of our acquaintance lately found it so; and as he thought to punish the hesitating fair one, he rushed off and married himself to another. He was a splendidly handsome fellow. The subject being talked of at some party, one of the company said:

"Was it not very sudden? I did not know that he was acquainted with her. He was a foolish fellow, and being angry with Miss Smith determined to marry the first girl he met in his pique."

A young lady who was present innocently exclaimed:

"Oh, dear me! I wish he had met me in his pique!"

We never heard of a better specimen of thinking aloud.

'CAUSE IT'S SUNDAY.—A lady was entertaining the Bishop of the State at her house, as he was an old and valued friend of the family, and he was always their guest on the occasion of his visitations to the parish.

On Sunday morning after his arrival the lady's little son sidled up to him just after breakfast.

"Bishop," said he, "would you like to look at my piggie book?"

"Why, yes," replied the church dignitary, anxious to please the little fellow.

"Well," whispered the child, "I'll show it to you, but you'll have to look at it on the sly, 'cause it's Sunday."

The idea of the "very reverend father in God" aiding and abetting one of his flock in a breach of the Sabbath, was so amusing to the good prelate that, of course, he could not keep the joke to himself.—*New York Mail.*

A CHATTEL.—She was sitting in a rocking-chair, and held a newspaper in her hand. From behind the handkerchief before her eyes, there issued, every now and then, a smothered sob.

"Why, Alice, what is the matter?" I ventured to enquire.

She did not answer at first, but presently became calmer, and ventured to tell me her trouble.

"You know Harry and I have been to the city?"

"Yes." All sorts of improbable things were imagined.

"Well, we stopped at the —— House. Before we were married, I had everything that I desired. If I do say it myself, I never lacked for attention, and really had come to the conclusion that I was of some social importance. Now, what am I? An object—something to be classed in with the ifs, and the buts, and the pigs."

Her tears began to flow afresh when she handed me the paper, and I saw, among the list of hotel arrivals, "Mr. Harry Brown and wf."

THOSE who attended the sale of animals from Barnum's hippodrome in Bridgeport, the other day, report the following occurrence. A tiger was being offered. The bid run up to $4500. This was made by a man who was a stranger, and to him it was knocked down. Barnum, who had been eyeing the stranger, uneasily, during the bidding, now went up to him and said:

"Pardon me for asking the question, but will you tell me where you are from?"

"Down South a bit," responded the man.

"Are you connected with any show?"

"No."

"And are you buying this animal for yourself?"

"Yes."

Barnum shifted about uneasily for a moment, looking alternately at the man and the tiger, and evidently trying his best to reconcile the two together.

"Now, young man," he finally said, "you need not take this animal unless you want to, for there are those here who will take it off your hands."

"I don't want to sell," was the quiet reply.

Then Barnum said in his desperation:

"What on earth are you going to do with such an ugly beast if you have no show of your own, and are not buying for some one who is a showman?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said the purchaser. "My wife died about three weeks ago. We had lived together for ten years, and—and I miss her." He paused to wipe his eyes and steady his voice, and then added: "So I have bought this tiger."

"I understand you," said the great showman in a husky voice.—*Danbury News.*

RUSSIAN HOUSES IN WINTER.—The windows are invariably double, and the space between the sashes is covered with a layer of fine sand, designed to absorb moisture and prevent the frost from silvering the panes. Twisted horns of paper containing salt are set in it, and sometimes the sand is concealed by a bed of moss. There are no outside shutters or blinds, for they would be useless, since the windows remain closed all the winter, being carefully filled in around the edges with a kind of cement. Heavy curtains of rich material still further deaden the effect of the cold upon the glass, a substance much more permeable than is generally believed. Open fireplaces are rare; when they do exist, they are used only in spring and autumn. They are closed and filled with flowers—which are truly a Russian luxury. The houses overflow with them—flowers receive you at the door, and go with you up the stairway; Irish ivies festoon balusters; jardiniers adorn the landings on every floor. In the embrasure of the windows bananas spread out their broad silken leaves; talipot palms, magnolias, camellias, growing like trees, mingle their blossoms with the gilded volutes of the cornices; orchids hover like butterflies around lamp shades of crystal, porcelain, and curiously wrought terra-cotta. From the horn-shaped vases of Japanese porcelain or Bohemian glass, placed in the centre of a table or at the corner of a sideboard, spring sheaves of superb exotics. And all this floral splendor thrives as in a hothouse. In the street you are at the pole; within doors you might believe yourself in the tropics.

IT really must be a very pleasant thing, indeed, to be a sailor on board an ironclad. You have such a variety of ways of dying at the choice of the Fates. Your ship may turn turtle, as did the Captain; or be run into, like the Vanguard; and now, a new and still more unpleasant form of destruction for those who go down to the sea in ships, has been kindly discovered by the French! There is no sort of doubt that the ironclad Magenta, which was burnt at Toulon, the other day, took fire by spontaneous combustion, and the most approved opinion is that the said combustion was produced by some sort of galvanic or chemical action caused by the contact of the salt water with the armor-plates and the wooden backing.

INDIFFERENCE AT HOME.—Ingratitude and indifference sometimes mar the character of men. A husband returns from his business at evening. During his absence, and throughout the live-long day, the wife has been busy with mind and hands preparing some little surprise, some unexpected pleasure to make his home more attractive than ever. He enters, seemingly sees no more of what has been done to please him than if he were a blind man, and has nothing more to say about it than if he were dumb. Many a loving wife has borne in her heart an abiding sorrow, day after day, from causes like this, until, in process of time, the fire and enthusiasm of her original nature have burned out, and mutual indifference spreads its pall over the household.

THE WESTMINSTER OF NEW YORK.—Chas. Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and many other distinguished visitors to New York, have made their home at the Westminster Hotel, from which fact it may be inferred that the Westminster is one of the most select and comfortable of the New York Hotels. The rates of charges, however, are not higher than those of other first-class houses, but the unexcelled accommodations, the excellent and convenient location, and the comparative quiet of the neighborhood, give it peculiar and decided advantages. It is conducted on the European plan, and located almost in the centre of the city, on 16th Street and Irving Place, but one block from Broadway and Union Square, near the great stores and theatres. See card in advertising columns.

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Note: Ask for Pond's Extract.
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CHILDREN.—No family can afford to be without **Pond's Extract. Accidents, Bruises, Contusions, Cuts, Sprains,** are relieved almost instantly by external application. Promptly relieves pains or **Burns, Scalds, Excoriations, Chafings, Old Sores, Boils, Felons, Corns,** etc. Arrests inflamation, reduces swellings, stops bleeding, removes discolorations and heals rapidly.

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BLEEDING from any cause. For this is a specific. It has saved hundreds of lives when all other remedies failed to arrest bleeding from nose, stomach, lungs, and elsewhere.

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PHYSICIANS of all schools who are acquainted with **Pond's Extract of Witch Hazel** recommend it in their practice. We have letters of commendation from hundreds of Physicians, many of whom order it for use in their own practice. In addition to the foregoing, they order its use for **Swellings** of all kinds, **Quinsy, Sore Throat, Inflamed Tonsils,** simple and chronic **Diarrhœa, Catarrh,** (for which it is a specific,) **Chilblains, Frosted Feet, Stings of Insects, Mosquitoes,** etc., **Chapped Hands, Face,** and indeed all manner of skin diseases.

TOILET USE.—Removes **Soreness, Roughness,** and **Smarting;** heals **Cuts, Eruptions,** and **Pimples.** It *revives, invigorates,* and *refreshes,* while wonderfully improving the **Complexion.**

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CAUTION.—**Pond's Extract** has been imitated. The genuine article has the words **Pond's Extract** blown in each bottle. It is prepared by the **only persons living** who ever knew how to prepare it properly. Refuse all other preparations of Witch Hazel. This is the only article used by Physicians, and in the hospitals of this country and Europe.

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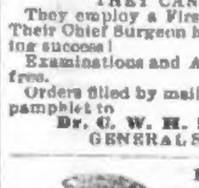

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We have made up too many Overcoats and Suits for this year, and to transfer our Stock into Cash needed for preparation for 1876, we will make certain *sacrifices* which will be apparent on and after WEDNESDAY, December 1st, when we shall have gone through our Salesrooms and cut off Profits, and even a part of the cost, from many of our present prices.

To be very exact in stating this matter, as we don't intend that any advertisement or custom of our house shall mislead the public in the least particular, we think it proper to say that this Mark Down, while it applies to

A THOUSAND AND MORE OVERCOATS,
A THOUSAND AND MORE BUSINESS COATS,
HUNDREDS OF DRESS COATS,
SEVERAL THOUSAND VESTS,
SEVERAL THOUSAND PAIRS OF PANTS,

and extends throughout our house, yet there are some lots in which (as they have already been marked at close prices) we shall make no change.

We desire to announce that this is our final and

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So that none need wait for Lower Prices. The step we take will wonderfully aid those who feel like Economizing.

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THE BOUDOIR.

We made an unintentional omission in our 1st January number, by forgetting to wish our many readers a Happy New Year! We blush to think of our seeming indifference, and trust it is not too late to make the *amende polie*. Our excuse must be the amazement caused by finding that we actually had reached the Centennial year. Accept, therefore, dear friends, our apology, and best wishes for all manner of good things.

The holidays, being for the most part blessed with moderately pleasant weather, brought out many new and beautiful costumes, you may be sure. Among them all we were particularly impressed with a stylish toilette of plum colored velvet, combined with fine India cashmere of the same shade of color. The underskirt was entirely plain, demi-train, with a cording of silk at the bottom. The overdress, of the cashmere, was deep and square; a plastron of velvet, four inches deep, being placed at the bottom. The skirt was drawn well away to the back, gracefully draped, and finished by a velvet sash, which hung in easy loops and folds. The corsage was a sleeveless basque of velvet, of a markedly peculiar form. The back was short and round, at the sides it began to slope down towards the front longer; directly in front it became so long as to reach the bottom of the overskirt. It was buttoned from throat to the bottom with tinted shell buttons, and trimmed round the back, and down each side of the front with a wide ruche of plum colored ostrich tips. A similar ruche trimmed the neck and the velvet cuffs of the cashmere sleeves. Bonnet of plum colored felt, trimmed with ostrich tips and velvet loops, revers front, filled in with folded scarf of plum colored faille, and here a there a pale lilac Marguerite. Of course the wearer was a clear blonde, with golden hair. No other complexion and hair would have matched the peculiar tint of this *recherche* toilette.

We noticed a brown costume of simpler make and less expensive material, which pleased us well. Underskirt of smoke-brown silk, trimmed with wide pleating of brown twilled camel's hair cloth—the Herzegovania kind. Overdress of the latter, corded and piped with brown silk. A deep pleated pocket of silk was placed low down on the left side of this overdress, the longitudinal pleats, in which it was laid, being caught here and there with bows of brown faille ribbon. Double-breasted basque of camel's hair cloth, trimmed in the back with a fan shaped plastron of silk and three rows of silk, knife pleated and set on the middle piece of the back, on the skirt of this piece. Sleeves of the brown silk with cuffs of camel's hair cloth, trimmed on the outer edge with bows of brown faille ribbon. English collar of the silk, finished at the bust with double bow of brown ribbon. Hat of brown felt, turned up on one side, rim lined with brown silk, laid in folds. Bright wing on left side, and two ostrich tips of brown falling over the back; scarf of brown faille encircling the crown.

A house dress of blue faille, combined with blue and gray plaided cashmere, was made with long train. The underskirt of blue silk, had a deep flounce and shirring of silk. The flounce, set on above, a scant one of velvet, which showed about four inches below the silk one. This velvet flounce was of a dark mazarine blue, the silk being Marie Louis blue. The overdress, of cashmere, was cut Gabrielle or Princess shape, with fulness, pleated under the back widths just at the belt. It was edged at the bottom with a six inch bias fold of velvet like the flounce. Pockets eight inches deep, and narrower at the top than the bottom, were set on at each side, commencing just below the belt and just under the arm. Three loops of velvet, each an inch and a half in width, were placed perpendicularly on the bottom of the pockets. From the two loops nearest the back were two deep tassels of silk; from these were pendant heavy silk cords, which were carried around the back width in an easy curve until they reached the pocket and tassels on the other side, to which the ends were attached. The sleeves were half tight, and had three bias of velvet, of the same width as the loops on the pockets, laid sauntingly on the upper part. Flared cuffs of velvet, silk-lined, edged the sleeves: a small pointed cuff of silk turned inward from the outer seam above the velvet cuffs, and was fastened by two velvet buttons. Three similar buttons were placed across the pockets, near the top, on a bias of silk. Velvet collar and revers at the neck.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Loose rings of silver, and sometimes gold, are worn on the wrists, two or three on each arm; they are called bangles.

Ties, and ruffles for throat and wrists, of cashmere lace of a creamy tint, are fashionably worn.

Ruches of shaded feathers are worn around the crown of light colored felt hats, fastened at the back with a loose bow and loops of serge ribbon, or serge silk cut bias.

Balmoral petticoats have an edge a quarter and sometimes half a yard in depth of linen-back satin, quilted in diamonds. Cardinal color or black are most generally used.

Veils of black tulle dotted with straw embroidery are beginning to appear on this side of the water.

Ormolu inkstands in gilt and silver are shown in new and charming designs. One, a gilt saucer, with silver egg shell set on end for the ink, and silver spoon laid across the saucer for pen rest, was particularly pretty.

Boas and muffs of feathers are among the novelties, but as yet are very expensive.

Necklaces of yellow gold, with oblong links, square at the end, are much worn.

Fans of marabout feathers, and feather tipped, are the preferred styles at present.

Enameled jewelry, with antique figures on dark backgrounds, is shown.

Many fancy articles are shown now in beaten brass—card receivers, jewel caskets.

Necktics of white and black Brussels net have the ends wrought in leaf patterns, outlined only, done in white, green, or scarlet floss silk.

Linen cambric handkerchiefs, with Madras borders, are much used.

Gloves for morning wear and shopping excursions are shown in kid and castor, with deep pointed gauntlet cuffs, wrought on the edges with twist silk in feather stitch.

Fancy boots for little folks have a double row of buttons and buttonholes, one row on each side of the instep.

Caps for little girls are shown in the close cottage shape, in coney fur, with soft pleated crowns, and front linings of brown silk or satin; brown bows and strings are also used.

Velvet hats and bonnets have no longer precedence in the fashionable world; fine felt being given the preference everywhere.

Artificial flowers for trimming evening costumes are made on very soft stems, and it requires considerable art to fasten them to the dress in a graceful manner.

Handsome black silk wadded sacques, trimmed with cock's feathers, are a favorite ornament this season, and can be worn with almost any costume.

OUR WORK TABLE.

We shall give in this issue a description of a very pretty dress for a baby. Quantity of material required: four yards of either soft finish nainsook or else bishop's lawn, seven yards of Hamburg insertion or English embroidery, four yards of edging. The French yoke is cut in four points, one in the middle of the front, one on each shoulder, and one in the back. It is tucked longitudinally, in clusters of four tucks, divided by a strip of insertion. The bottom of the yoke is edged with insertion and a slightly gathered frill of edging, or if preferred Valenciennes lace an inch deep. The front width of the dress is cut Gabrielle, and has side pieces. The centre is tucked in groups of eight tucks, separated by bands of insertion; an eight inch hem finishes the bottom. A strip of insertion is placed down each side of the middle piece, and edged with a scant frill of edging or lace. The back width is full, gathered in to the yoke. A sash of lawn, four inches wide and edged with insertion and edging, is put on under each sleeve at the side; it ties behind. The sleeves are half-tight fitting, and reach to the wrist, where they are finished with a pointed cuff, tucked and trimmed similar to the yoke. The neck is finished with a lace or wrought muslin frill. Pattern furnished on receipt of price.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

CORA.—Sent patterns by mail.

MRS. O. (North East, Penna.)—Received and answered, we trust satisfactorily, your letter.

ALICE MARY.—A low forehead, if broad and white, is very pretty in a woman, and you need not lament over yours.

MISS ANNETTE CLAIRE.—The patterns for the applique work on the Turkish toweling can very readily be procured for you here. The cost is from fifty cents up to three and four dollars.

A. L. PHALLSBT.—Yes, the carved cameo jewelry is very fashionably worn, and in the light tints especially. There is a fine imitation of pink coral, produced by using the delicately tinted conch shells, polishing and carving them in cameo designs.

MRS. K.—Your brown silk can be turned, and a new flounce added with great advantage. The brown Knickerbocker goods, or the "Spitzenbergen snow" cloth would either of them answer well to combine with it for a walking costume. The overskirt should be long and square, or else pointed in the middle of the front. Have a deep pocket of brown silk on the left side of your overskirt. Get a brown felt, and trim with brown serge silk and brown ostrich tips. NINON.

HOW ALICE LEARNED HER LESSON.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

A sweet-faced little thing was pretty Alice Brand—that is, everybody said so, who said anything about her, *outside* her home. *Inside*, there were those who had learned, to their bitter sorrow, that she could be, and was, at times, anything but pleasant or sweet or pretty.

She was the eldest of four children, all healthy and rollicking, and she was the darling of the little white house that overlooked the village of Creedmoor, with its rows of elms squaring the academy grounds, its tall spires and background of high hills, where the sun stayed longest in the lazy afternoons. But she was innately selfish, and had cultivated that unfortunate gift so that it seemed to be all of her—and yet she was the darling of the one house on the hill, and of the hearts that sought her happiness first, in all their tender seekings after good.

For she was so pretty and so piquant when not crossed in anything; her laugh was so full of music, and she had such soft, kitteny ways, that the whole household made of her a pet and an idol.

"But you just rub her fur the wrong way, and then out come the claws!" the servant girl said to the village sempstress, who had been remarking in her presence the pretty purring ways I have mentioned.

And the servant girl was right, though, of course, she might have kept her opinion to herself, if she had not been a servant.

The village sempstress was thinking of the significant though inelegant remark of Julie, thinking of it very regretfully, and saying to herself. "What a pity! oh, what a pity!" when the door opened, and Alice herself came in, looking very much as if the "claws" were "out."

"You need'n trouble yourself to finish the dress," she said, stiffly. "I shall not need it."

"Not need it! You're not going to die, Miss Brand?"

"No; better if I were, perhaps. But I'm not going to the party, and there's no need for you to work your eyes out on a dress I shan't wear."

"Why, Alice, I thought your heart was set on going? What has changed your mind?"

Before the girl could frame a reply, even had she intended one, her mother entered softly, the traces of recent tears still on her cheeks and in her mild blue eyes, and going over to where her daughter stood, she laid one little hand caressingly on the curly head that was so precious to her, saying:

"You have thought better of it all, haven't you, dear?"

"I haven't changed my mind, if that's what you mean."

And the girl moved away from the hand that was stroking her hair, and looked poutingly out of the window and into the shadow of the pines on Sunset Hill.

"You see, Emma," Mrs. Brand exclaimed, seeming not to notice her daughter's manner, though her face flushed under it, "Alice has her heart fixed on an old silk of mine which she wants to me to have you make over for her; but it would not become her half so well as this sheer white muslin."

"I agree with you, Mrs. Brand," Emma answered, holding up admiringly the snowy bodice, and turning it this way and that in the waning light; "there is nothing so perfectly sweet and pure for a young girl as just such a dress as this—and your daughter looks especially well in white," she added, smiling toward the young girl in a way that young girls like, but which had no effect whatever, except to strengthen the stubbornness of an erring little heart, and to deepen the lines of willfulness about the otherwise perfect little mouth.

"Well, there's no reason in the world why I should not have what I want"—Alice was biting her words sharp off—"and I don't want white. If papa can't afford to buy me a silk, I should think you'd want me to have yours. You'll never wear it again—you're altogether too old for such a shade—and it would make over beautifully for me."

Mrs. Brand made no reply for a moment. She was thinking of her girlhood that did not seem so far away, and of how *he* had loved her so all those rosy days; of the quick years that had come and gone, leaving her—"old?"

Not so very, only thirty-six. And she could not feel old. She did not want to. For her children's sake she must be young always.

"Alice," she said, softly, breaking the silence, after it had grown painful, "I had thought I might wear the pretty silk you covet, once more. Perhaps it is selfish, but your father favored that dress above all others, and"—her voice almost in a whisper—"I meant to be buried in it. It was so dear to him."

"Oh, nonsense, mother! The old thing'd mildew before that time. But you might as well be dead, for all the comfort you are to me!"

She would have given her right hand to recall the words a moment later. Indeed, she had not meant them at all, and only when a cry from the sempstress made her turn, till she was face to face with her mother, did she realize the bitter shame of them, the pain and the possible death they might have carried to the true heart that had loved her so unselfishly all her wayward life.

"Mother, mother!" she cried, kneeling at her mother's feet and clinging to her hand, "forgive me! I didn't mean it. Don't you know I didn't mean it! Mother! mother!"

But the lady neither spoke nor stirred. If she heard, she gave no sign. Her face, white as the cloud of tulle upon the table, was turned toward the window, and her eyes, a strange look staring from their stillness, were fixed on the shadows of Sunset Hill.

"Call your father, Alice; quick!" the sempstress commanded, sharply. "There, Mrs. Brand; lean on my shoulder. Are you a little better?"

The tired head dropped gently, its blue eyes closed, its pale lips parted with a sigh, and thus the lover-husband found her.

All that night they watched beside her, and the doctors gave not even a look of hope.

Toward morning she seemed conscious for a moment, and feebly beckoned for Alice. With a moan, pitiful to listen to, the young girl flung herself upon her mother's bosom, begging her to live! only to live!

"But you will kill her," the physician said, lifting the girl forcibly. "Excitement will not do."

"Don't talk to me," Alice said, sternly. "I say she shall not die!"

Then, falling on her knees beside the bed, she prayed:

"For my soul's sake, oh, Thou lover of souls, let this cup pass from me! For the sin of a moment do not doom me to the hell of eternal remorse! Let her live! let her live! Oh, mother, mother, stay with me!"

Did the child's voice reach the ear of Jehovah? Did it call back the soul that was passing, and bind it newly to the clay?

At any rate the pale pink silk, with its garniture of yellow lace, lies folded away in Mrs. Brand's best closet still, and Alice wore the white dress to the ball.

And the bond that binds together the gentle mother and the gentle child will bear all tests henceforth, for its links are mutual love and mutual trust. And Alice, having learned her lesson well, is thanking God because of it every day of her life, for though it cost so much, it was the means of sheathing her claws forever.

FARMERS' BOYS.

If a boy manifest a decided tendency for machinery, merchandise, or literature, then he should be allowed to follow the bent of his inclination. It is folly to spoil a good machinist by trying to make a poor farmer; but nine boys out of ten who are brought up on a farm, and are judiciously instructed, and not made mere drudges, will take to agriculture as ducks to water. More than half the merchants and professional men of cities are every day longing for a home in the country, and are looking forward to the time when they can purchase a farm, delve the soil, raise stock, grow fruits, and play the landlord. If this is so, and there can be no doubt of it, then why should it be so difficult to train our boys to love farming, to honor the vocation as the one evidently designed by the Creator for the majority of mankind to follow? We do not believe the fault is in the boys, but in the injudicious training which they receive. The farmer's home should be made more pleasant. Books and newspapers should abound, and furnish occupation for the brain while the muscles are idle. Work is the heritage of man, but brain work is just as essential as muscle work. No boy can be developed into perfect manhood who is not taught to think as well as work, and the intellectual training should be the leading idea in childhood. The farm furnishes ample scope for exercising muscles, but let books, papers, and society go along with the work. God has made us social beings, and one reason why farmers' sons are discontented with their life is that it is too isolated. They want more sociability, and he is a wise father that keeps open doors to his neighbors, and cultivates all the amenities of society, and thus imparts intellectual vigor which only comes by frequent contact with companions. Music should also lend its charms to the farmhouse, and keep the boys at home. To pass away a winter's evening there is nothing more delightful than singing, with piano accompaniment. If the latter cannot be afforded, then let the violin or flute take its place. In any event, study to make home delightful and farm life one of enjoyment. Farming, in itself, has many sources of pure pleasure, and these should be cherished, and the attention of the boys called to them. No man has better opportunities for making his home pleasant and happy than the farmer, and if he fails to do so, he cannot blame his boys for wishing to follow some other occupation, and desert the old homestead.—*Farmers' Vindicator.*

THE ILLUSIONS OF TRAVEL.

One of the illusions of travel is the fancy that you have entered the realm of perpetual holiday. Looking at the surface of things only as you pass along, you refuse to look below the surface. No sombre shadows fleck the gay scene. Your mood resembles that of the fine lady who did not know that poor people existed, and who regarded aged paupers in the light of picturesque specks in a landscape which required to be enlivened by red cloaks. To you all people and places seem in festival. Some magician has gone before to create an Arcadia along your path, like that with which Potemkin gratified the eyes of his imperial mistress in her journey to the Crimea. You flash by hamlets which seem to you like the painted villages of a child's toy-box.

The groups of peasants belong not to the gross race of horny-handed, weather-beaten sons of toil. They are idealized into Elvinos and Masettos, and it would hardly surprise you to hear them burst into recitative, or to see them join in a rustic dance. An air of almost operatic levity envelopes them. They are actors in a prearranged pageant. And the same illusion haunts you in gray old cities redolent of the middle ages. It never occurs to you as you thread their quaint alleys, that business in all its ramifications is going on around you with the same prosaic routine which attends it in far-off America, or that within a stone's throw clerks are docketing accounts, tradesmen selling their wares, clients consulting their attorneys, attorneys revolving bills of cost, farmers puffing their samples, doctors going their rounds, priests tending their flocks, students assembled in their classes, professors enlightening them from the chair, and, above all, hundreds of artisans engaged in all the varieties of mannal labor. To the holiday-maker all around him seems a holiday; his own contentment is contagious, and infects all his surroundings. His capacity for realizing the fact that the new world into which he has strayed has its labors, its cares and its sorrows, is temporarily suspended. In a few weeks his sympathies with work-day humanity will revive, and he will reawaken to a proper sense of his responsibilities to his fellow-men. But for the present he contemplates them as the puppets of a theatrical show of which he is the spellbound and impassive spectator.

HOW TO VIEW NATURE.—If one train of thinking be more desirable than another, it is that which regards the phenomena of nature, with constant reference to a Supreme intelligent Author. To have made this the ruling, the habitual sentiment of our minds, is to have laid the foundation of everything that is religious. The world from thenceforth becomes a temple, and life itself one continued act of adoration.

THE HOSPITAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

The Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania is an elegant and commodious edifice, constructed according to the best established principles of hospital architecture, provided with all the appliances pertaining to such institutions of the first class, is adjacent to the new Medical Hall, and forms an integral portion of the Medical Department. It is situated on the south side of Spruce street, between Thirty-fourth and Thirty-sixth streets, directly south of the building in use by the Collegiate and Scientific departments of the University.

The lot of ground upon which it is erected measures, on the fronts of Spruce and Pine streets, 700 feet, and on Thirty-fourth and Thirty-sixth streets, 320 feet. Upon this extensive area every part of the building has, and always will have, the advantage of abundance of free air and sunshine.

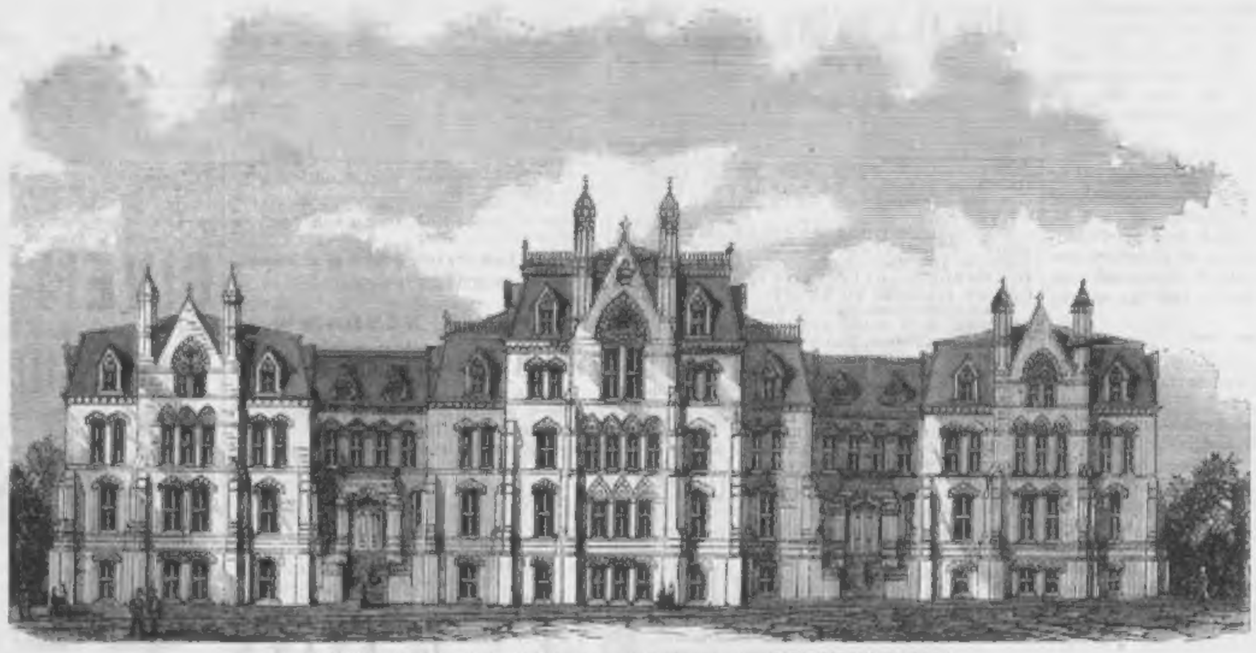
The style of architecture of the building is of the same character as that of the Departments of Art and Science, finished in the year 1872, and in harmony with the new Hall of the Medical Department. The three buildings forming a group that unitedly constitute the University of Pennsylvania.

The hospital comprises in design, a central building with pavilions. In the centre building, which is angular in form, its greatest width being 88 feet 4 inches, by a depth of 131, are located on the basement and floor a lecture room, with covered seats for 150 students; linen and splint rooms, a laboratory; the general kitchen, from whence the food is distributed throughout the upper stories by means of dumb waiters; scullery and closets; and servants' dining rooms, store rooms, etc.

On the first or principal stories are the rooms and offices for officers and business purposes. On the second stories, in the front, are chambers for private patients, and in the rear, rooms for medical staff, resident physicians, private laboratories, etc.

The amphitheatre, or main lecture-room is circular in form, 60 feet in diameter, and 45 feet high to the skylight in the centre. The ceiling is domed, being circular in plan from the walls to the skylight, and octagonal in the skylight; the operating arena is exactly in the middle of the room, and the seats are concentric with it, arranged in ascending rows, sufficiently elevated one above another, to enable every student present to see uninterruptedly all the operations in the arena. About 60 students can be seated in this room. It is abundantly lighted and ventilated, having windows on three sides in addition to the large skylight in the centre of the dome. The students' entrance is from the main stairway in the third story. It is regarded as probably the most spacious and best arranged clinical lecture-room in the United States.

Attendance on the Clinical Lectures delivered in its amphitheatre and its wards is a part of the daily duties of the students, and ample opportunities are afforded to the more advanced among them to gain a personal and practical acquaintance with Clinical Medicine, Surgery, Obstetrics, and Specialties. These subjects are taught by the several Clinical Professors and lecturers in the hospital.



THE HOSPITAL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

POWDER OF GUNPOWDER.—M. De St. Robert, in an article from his pen in *La Revue Scientifique*, gives the following calculation of the efficiency of a rifled cannon, the diameter of the bore of which is 3 inches, the shell of which weighs about 8 3 pounds, and the firing charge of which is 1¼ pounds. It may thus be estimated: Experiment has shown that the velocity of the shell when it leaves the mouth of the cannon is about 1,300 feet per second. The height from which the projectile would have to fall to acquire this velocity is 26,800 feet per second. Consequently the work actually done by the powder is equal to 219,000 foot pounds. On the other hand, Bunson and Schischkoff have found by direct experiment that the heat evolved by the combustion of 2.2 pounds of gunpowder is equal to 619 5 calories. Hence the heat evolved by the above charge of 1¼ pounds of powder is equal to 340.7 calories. The mechanical work corresponding to this amount of heat is 1,050,000 foot pounds. Comparing this, which is the possible mechanical work, with the actual work done on the projectile as given above, the ratio is 0.208 for the effectiveness of the cannon, that is to say, about twenty-one per cent.

IT seems that the practice of scalping is not peculiar to the North American Indian. A query put forth in *Nature* draws out the following information on the subject: Herodotus mentions that it was one of the most characteristic practices of the ancient Scythians. It is said that the custom still prevails among the wild tribes of the frontier in the north-eastern district of Bengal. The *Friend of India* remarks that "The Naga tribes use the scalping-knife with a ferocity that is only equaled by the American Indians; and the scalps are carefully preserved as evidences of their prowess and vengeance over their enemies. On the death of a chief all the scalps taken by him during his warlike careers are burned with his remains."

LEAVES of the pineapple, now being extensively cultivated in the East Indies, are turned to account by being converted into a kind of wadding, which is used for upholstering, instead of hair. A sort of flannel is also manufactured from them from which substantial waistcoats and shirts can be made.

THE smoke from the wick of an extinguished candle is very deleterious, and breathing it in quantities would soon cause death. Valentine mentions a case of a company of carousers who tricked a boy sleeping in the corner of a room, by one of their number holding to the boy's nose the smoke of a blown-out candle. After half an hour the boy fell into short breathing, trembling, and cramps and died in three days. The composition of this smoke is carburetted-hydrogen, carbonic oxide, burnt olein, etc. When putting out a candle light before going to bed, always do it so that there shall be no burning wick left to poison the air of the room.

WHEN the air moves at the rate of two feet in a second, most people will be sensible of a draft, and if the air is cold it will be felt at a less rapid rate. Now a draft is where a current is felt, and in ventilating our rooms in cold weather the air should move through the rooms so as not to be too much more rapid than this. In hot weather it may move more rapidly.

THE great value of lithographic stone has brought out a patented system of splitting and backing the stones with cement. The thin veneers of stone are made "type high" by the cement moulded and pressed upon the back, and when finished, the blocks are said to be stronger than the native stone.

POSTSCRIPTS.

THERE are in the United States 543,470 Master Masons, and 40,410 Knights Templar.

THERE are about 1,000,000,000 people on the globe, and 800,000,000, according to Chambers' *Journal* use tobacco.

NOBODY will disagree with the Boston *Post* that "cheek wins in the world, especially if it is dimpled and rosey."

THERE is a time for all things, and now is the time to go to Florida, where orange groves, crocodiles and green peas can be had for three dollars a day.

WE can't all be President of the United States, but any one of us can throw ashes on the icy spots and help human nature along unruffled by a sudden sit-down.

HALL'S *Journal of Health* says that it is very healthy for young men to get out of bed at six in the morning and split wood for an hour. We shall die content.

AND now the Lord Mayor of London, envious of the Marquis of Lorne's laurels, has written a poem extending over 1,600 lines, beginning with the flood and ending with the millennium!

A WELL-MEANING writer says: "Every person should wear a smile." But a smile is rather an airy attire for winter, and it is for this reason, probably, that so many men take a dozen "smiles" per day, and wear them on the inside.

EVERY recruit for the British army has to spend four hours in gymnastic exercise each day during the first three months of his service. The various gymnasiums provided for this purpose by the government are fitted up with all the common athletic appliances and skilled instructors.

THEY *do* do some things better in France, *vide* the following neat way of putting it, from a Parisian paper: "The Princess de M. is to retire from society for a little while, and is buying edgings, insertions, muslins, and so on, which she is making up into little garments too large for a doll and too small for herself."

Now this is why the sly lobster blushes so after being boiled: The shell of the lobster is imbued with a black or bluish-black pigment, secreted by the true skin, which also gives out the calcareous matter after each moult, so that lime and pigment are blended together. This pigment becomes red (pale or intense) in water at the temperature of 212 degrees.

A KANSAS justice married a runaway couple last week, in a billiard hall, in his shirt sleeves, and with a cue in his hand. After which he "kissed" the bride, "pocketed" the fee, and advised the happy pair to make a "run" from the "spot," lest the enraged parents should "follow" them, "corner" them, "jaw" them, and "discount" the proceedings.

VISITORS to Paris frequently remark the absence of beggars in the French capital, not knowing that such persons are forbidden by police regulations to frequent foreign quarters. From recent returns it appears that there are no less than 65,000 professional mendicants in Paris—a number far in excess of that in London. Of these there are 14,000 men, 20,000 women, 12,000 boys and 13,000 girls.

A CHRISTMAS dinner was given to the newsboys in New York on that day, and among the distinguished guests who participated were the following: "Schneider, Red Wizard, Billy the Bootblack, Johnny the Squirt, Letty, Squirt or 'Goog,' Little Tommy the Loon, Shorty, Patsey, Muggins, Hard Money Tom, Jack Tar, Bluffer, Jonesey, Bouncer, Big Isaac, and Scotty Shooks."

"EVERYTHING is lovely and the goose hangs high," is a corruption of the saying, "Everything is lovely and the goose honks high." The honk is the note sounded by the wild goose in its flights, and is about the only music in which that graceful bird indulges. The meaningless word "hangs" should be immediately eliminated from this beautiful and popular description of the situation.

SEVERAL leap year parties are already in anticipation. The ladies send a carriage for the gentlemen, who then call for their charmers. Upon arriving at the hall, the gentlemen are provided with "orders." They are then requested to stand in a row, in order that the ladies may fill their cards (for once in four years) with the names of the partners of their choice. Everything is managed by the ladies, who even form the sets and assume the duties of floor management. The matter of the greatest pleasure to the gentlemen is the novelty of having all the bills paid by the young ladies who condescend to take them.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DECLINED WITH THANKS.—Where Bertie Found his Wife. Under a Cloud. Life and Death. All a Dream. Our Struggle for Life. A New Year Party. Lily's Request. Irene's Salvation.

MOTHER.—If you would have your son be something in the world, teach him to depend on himself. Let him learn that it is by close, strenuous personal application that he must rise—that he must, in short, make himself, and be the architect of his own fortune.

J. S. L. (Nebraska)—We do not know of any establishment for "making glasses for the use of those who are night-blind;" but if you will write to Mr. William McAllister, optician, 728 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, and tell him exactly what the case of blindness is, how produced, and all about it, he will, we have no doubt, be able to give you all the information you desire.

F. H.—From what you say, we are of opinion that the gentleman has been deceiving you from first to last, and you have reason for congratulation that he has shown himself in his true colors before you became engaged to him. The excuses he offers for his conduct are so palpably untrue that you should at once break off all further acquaintance with him, and not listen to anything more he may wish to say.

B. F. G. (Red Oak, Iowa.)—Any information whatever that you (or any of our readers at a distance), may desire, regarding the Centennial, we shall be happy to give, and we shall count it no trouble to obtain for you such information from the proper authorities, so that it will be perfectly reliable. You may therefore write and put to us the questions you say you are desirous of asking, but which you hesitated about doing, not knowing whether we could or would find out for you all you desire to know. Being on the spot, we have every facility of obtaining the very latest and most authentic information.

R. H.—"What are diamonds, and are they found of different colors, or only white?" The chemists tell us that diamonds are pure crystalized carbon. It is supposed that they are crystalized gum, just as amber is fossilized gum. Diamonds are of all colors, from the blackness of carbon in its blackest form to the purest and whitest water, exceeding the purest rock crystal. There are red, blue and yellow diamonds, of great value. Diamonds are not always the most costly gems, as a very fine ruby is worth more than a diamond, because it is much rarer in a perfect state. Large and pure diamonds, like the Koh-i-noor, are the rarest things in the world.

E. P. B.—We have spent some considerable time, which we could ill afford, in hunting through our last year's file for the article you want us to re-publish "on the intrinsic value of fine stones," but have not been able to find it. The only reference whatever to the subject that we came across, was the following, telling how diamonds are generally valued: Square the number of carats the diamond weighs, and multiply the result by the value of a single carat. Thus, taking the market value at $10 per carat, a rough diamond of 12 carats weight would be worth $1440—for 12 multiplied (or squared) by 12 comes to 144, which multiplied by $10, the value of a single carat, amounts to $1440.

J. S. C.—We regret we cannot give you any later figures than those for 1873, as to the traffic through the Suez Canal, but they will give you some idea of the wonderful increase since its construction. Starting in 1870, with an aggregate tonnage of 436618, the number of vessels passing through the canal reached, in 1873, a tonnage of 2,085,210. Almost from the first, three-fourths of this was represented by British vessels, while only one vessel belonging to the United States passed through the canal in 1873. The canal toll is ten francs, or $2 gold per ton, so that after making allowance for minor charges, it costs a 2000 ton ship about $10,000 to make the double trip, through the canal and back. Should the British succeed, as is at present probable, in securing the entire control of the canal, there will be a considerable reduction of tolls, as soon as the management comes under the British Government.

LIZZIE G.—Last week we said to you that we did not know of any story attached to the origin of the name "foolscap." We have since found out, and the following is the "story" to which you doubtless referred: Charles I, of England, granted numerous monopolies for the support of the Government. Among others was the manufacture of paper. The watermark of finest sort was the royal arms of England. The consumption of this article was great, and large fortunes were made by those who purchased the exclusive right to vend it. This, among monopolies, was set aside by the Parliament that brought Charles I to the scaffold; and by way of showing that contempt for the King they ordered the royal arms to be taken from the paper, and a fool with his cap and bells to be substituted. It is now over two hundred years since the foolscap was taken from the paper, but still the paper of the size which the Parliament ordered for their journals bears the name of the watermark placed there as an indignity to Charles.

E. ROBERTS.—There are 127 orders of chivalry at present in existence among the different nations of the Old World, of which France, with all her glorious memories of the battle field, has only one, that of the Legion of Honor. The great revolution swept away all orders as it did all titles. Napoleon, however, was far too shrewd a general not to know the value of such rewards in stimulating the *esprit de corps* of an army. He established the order of the Legion of Honor by Imperial decree, and to make it the more valuable he forbade anybody to wear the decoration of any other order, even when conferred by a foreign Government which was, for the time being, his ally. He also introduced a novelty into the order—the clause enacting that the doing of anything the penalty of which was the forfeiture of the rights and privileges of citizenship involved the loss of the right to wear the order. There are five classes, civil and military, in the Legion of Honor, namely: Grand Cross, Grand Officers, Commanders, Officers, and Chevaliers. At the Restoration in 1814 Louis XVIII proscribed the Legion of Honor; but in 1816, after his second restoration, he renewed the order by special decree. With that intermission, in spite of successive revolutions, changes of Government and dynasties, the Legion of Honor has held its own in France ever since it was first established by the first Napoleon.

L. W. C.—You need be under no fear that Philadelphia will not be able to "house and feed," as you express it, the thousands of visitors that are expected to visit the Centennial. The arrangements that have been already made and that are being still carried out for the purpose, are very complete. There will be ample room for all, and though those who visit the Centennial may have to pay a little higher price and still have to forego the comforts of home, there will be none of that wholesale extortion that so detracted from the success of the Vienna Exhibition. In addition to the existing hotels in the city, there are several new hotels, some in course of erection and some finished, in the immediate neighborhood of the grounds, which will accommodate a large number. But the greater number of the visitors will doubtless be absorbed by boarding and lodging houses. This matter has been taken in hand by a Lodging House Agency, who are making arrangements whereby travellers can purchase railroad coupons entitling them to board and lodging at reasonable and fixed rates. Philadelphia, as is well known, has more spare rooms than any other city in the country, but in addition to the houses already existing, there are a very large number of new houses nearing completion in West Philadelphia, in the vicinity of the Exhibition, which alone can be made to accommodate several thousands.

MISCELLANEOUS.—ELSIE.—That is the result nine times out of ten—at least that has been our experience. G. E. H.—We do not answer such questions as yours. MAGGIE.—You ought not to accept presents from him so long as such uncertainty prevails relative to his intentions. G. M.—Pay no attention to the seeming slight, but go on just the same as though nothing had occurred. F. W. H.—It takes two to make a quarrel—just remember that. Just hold your tongue the moment a storm is brewing, and it will soon blow over. AN OLD READER.—The proper pronunciation of the words "Rothschild" and "Bismark," is just as they are spelled, without attempting to give any unusual twist or twang to your pronunciation. J. R. F. (Chicago).—By right, twelve months ought to elapse after a parent's death before the marriage should take place; but this rule may be altered by circumstances. IN DOUBT.—The circumstances you mention seem to indicate that the young man has a liking for you; but, as total strangers, we should not like to say anything more positive in the matter. J. N.—No such sketch or article has ever appeared in our columns. MARNEY.—If you do not know the Consul's name, it will be sufficient to direct your letter to "The American Consul at" etc., naming the place. S. S. F.—As you are of age, no one can compel you to work at a trade you do not like. INQUIRER.—If the facts are as you state, there is no reason for you to worry yourself. Be more careful, however, in the future, and don't get so awkwardly fixed again. TYPO.—The invention of the art of printing by movable types, belongs, according to the opinion of the most competent authorities, to Guttenberg. I. R. O.—Before you can think of entering college, you need some years of schooling to render you fitted. You are young enough yet, so set to work at once preparing yourself. G. Y. H.—The P. O. Department does not redeem mutilated or defaced stamps. BERNIE.—There is no need of your saying "call again" to your young gentleman visitor. F. F. V.—If you wish to decline a gentleman's escort, say "Thank you, but I cannot accept your kind offer."

☞ *A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.*